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THE JEWS AND JACKSON

How Hart did it, by Sidney Blumenthal

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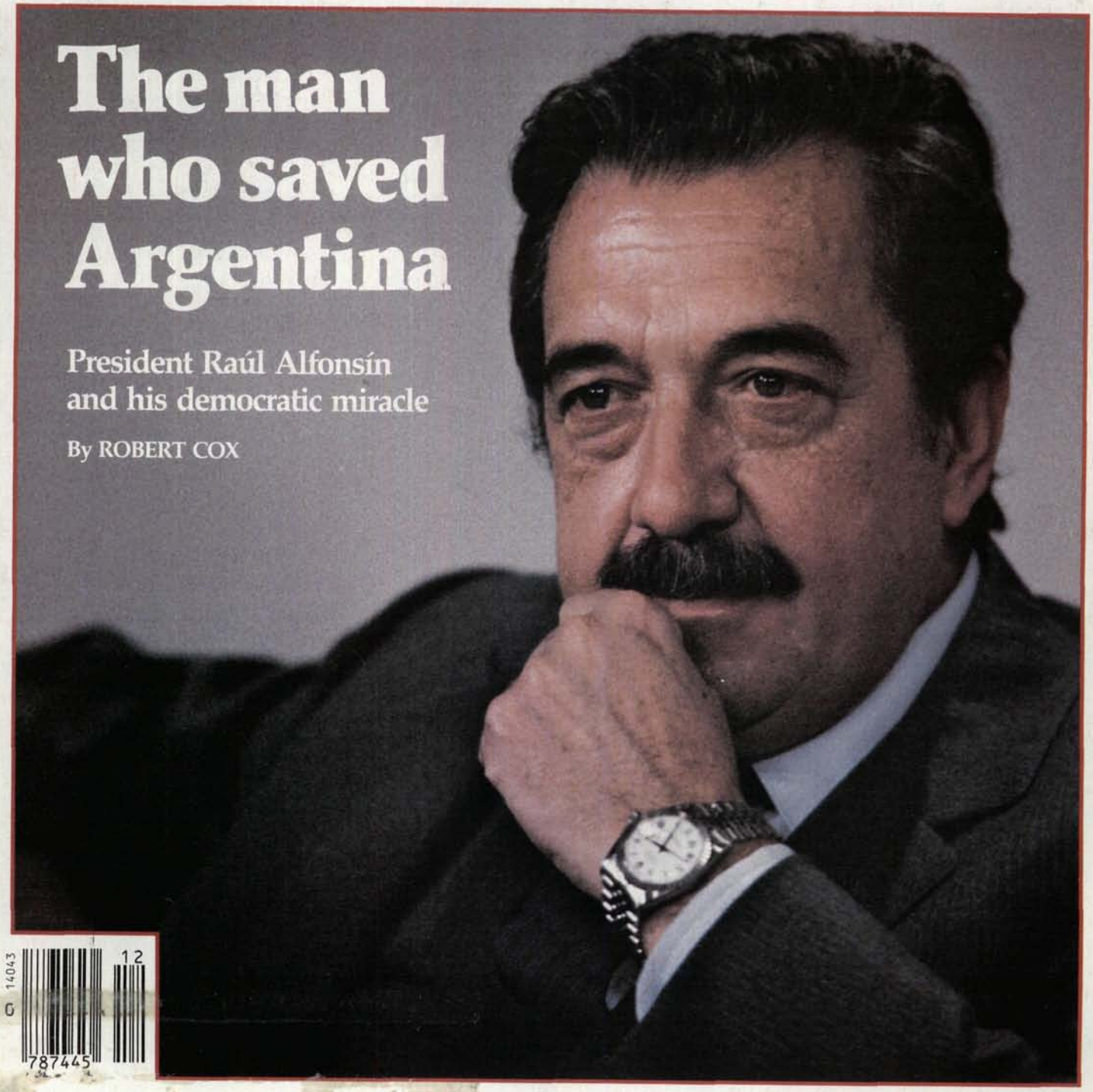
THE NEW REPUBLIC



The man who saved Argentina

President Raúl Alfonsín and his democratic miracle

By ROBERT COX

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CORRESPONDENCE

GAUGING THE GAMBIT

To the editors:

Eugene Rostow's "The Russians' Nuclear Gambit" (TNR, February 20) concentrates on land-based nuclear missiles, where the Soviets have the advantage. He claims that we shall soon have no effective deterrent to a first strike by the Soviet Union's land-based ICBMs. This is nonsense, and he must know it. We do not, of course, need the threat of a response in kind. Our submarines at sea—invulnerable to a Soviet attack—will be more than sufficient for a long time ahead to deter the Soviets from attacking us anywhere with nuclear weapons. It does not matter that the present generation of Trident missiles may not be able to pierce superhardened silos in the Soviet Union (many of which will have been emptied in the first strike that Mr. Rostow believes they are preparing for us). Our active submarines alone could issue a retaliatory strike of such horrendous proportions against both civilian and military targets that it is "nearly inconceivable," in Mr. Rostow's phrase, that the Kremlin would initiate an attack provoking such a riposte. No matter that a follow-up Soviet strike could devastate any of our cities left unscathed by the first. Soviet leaders would be truly mad even to risk setting such a cycle in motion. If our land-based ICBMs are inherently vulnerable, a smart President should simply get rid of them, and thus remove the targets allegedly tempting Moscow. The other two legs of our nuclear triad are more than steady enough to guarantee our national security for a long time to come. And are the Soviets the only ones preparing a first-strike capacity? How does Mr. Rostow explain our MX? Trident II?

MURRAY BIGGS
Brookline, Massachusetts

To the editors:

Mr. Rostow teaches us that an arms agreement, like a mutual freeze or even reductions in the level of increases along the lines of the SALT treaties, would not merely hurt U.S. interests. It would also cause our defense apparatus to lose "all deterrent credibility." *All* deterrent credibility? Mr. Rostow uses language normally directed against those who call for unilateral disarmament to criticize those who support proposals for sensible, mutually verifiable, arms control measures.

STEVEN M. AMARNICK
New York, New York

To the editors:

Prior to reading Mr. Rostow's article, I was under the apparently mistaken impression that the Scowcroft Commission Report had laid to rest for the near future concerns about the "window of vulnerability" in all but alarmist circles. Therefore, I was taken aback to read the former director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency contend that: "The Soviet lead in ground-based ballistic missiles implies, or will soon imply, the theoretical possibility of a first strike—a bolt out of the blue. It is now mathematically possible for the Soviet Union to destroy all our ICBMs, our submarines in port, and our planes on the ground with something like a quarter of its ICBM force, holding the rest in a paralyzing reserve that would make it nearly inconceivable for us to use our submarine-based or airborne nuclear weapons at all."

Though I am sympathetic to those who argue that Soviet strategic posture and force structure are better suited than their American counterparts for waging a nuclear war, I do not lose much sleep over it. The uncertainties involved in planning and orchestrating a first strike (enumerated by defense experts such as Desmond Ball, Harold Brown, and Kosta Tsipsis) are so great as to suggest that the Soviets will not stake their personal and national survival on a roll of the dice.

Soviet military writings clearly recognize that war is subordinate to political aims. If the Soviets were to initiate a nuclear attack, it almost certainly would occur during a period of heightened tensions, when U.S. forces (including intermediate nuclear forces such as Pershing II, sea- and ground-launched cruise missiles) were dispersed, not as a "bolt out of the blue."

ETHAN S. BURGER
Washington, D.C.

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To the editors:

TNR is to be commended for publishing Mr. Rostow's diagnosis of the breakdown in the nuclear arms talks. From the Baruch Plan in 1947 to the zero option at present, the Soviet Union has resisted serious and symmetrical arms control proposals while pursuing an aggressive buildup from the mid-1960s on, using negotiation as another tactic in their overall strategy. No agreement is better than an asymmetrical accord that would increase instability.

The most disheartening development in the U.S.-Soviet confrontation has been the willingness of many in the West to succumb to the blackmail tactics of the Soviets in their drive to achieve nuclear superiority in order to extend their hegemony. The crude threats leveled against the West and the responses of appeasement elicited remind one of the Stockholm syndrome, whereby the victims blame their plight on the authorities trying to secure their release. The Reagan Administration has been accused loudly and often of being the bellicose party, but I recall no outrage or demonstrations when the Soviet Union began deploying SS-20s beginning in 1977.

The question remains whether there is a window of opportunity between the Soviets' use of negotiation as a tactic and no negotiations at all. On this point I am not as sanguine as Mr. Rostow. And even if our military buildup did convince them to bargain honestly, there is the further question of verification, which is for another day.

GORDON HANSON
Seattle, Washington

Mr. Rostow replies:

The comments of Mr. Biggs, Mr. Amarnick, and Mr. Burger all turn on the efficacy of mutually assured destruction. The heart of Mr. Biggs's case, for example, is pure bravado, in the spirit of "damn their torpedos." He argues that an American decision to retaliate against a Soviet first strike, involving perhaps a quarter of the Soviet ground-based ballistic missile force, would not be affected by the fact that Soviets would still have three quarters of that force in reserve. "No matter," Biggs says, "that a follow-up Soviet strike could devastate any of our cities left unscathed by the first." "No matter," indeed. Diggs's martial ardor does not impress Averell Harriman, Richard Nixon, Henry Kissinger, and many other participants in our electoral debate, Republicans and Democrats alike. Mr. Harriman, for example, recently contended that the deployment of allied conventional forces in and near Lebanon should be abandoned because it involves a nuclear confrontation with the Soviet Union.

The force of this reasoning is what led the Scowcroft Commission to conclude that the Soviet lead in ground-based ballistic missiles is our most serious security problem because it casts a shadow over our capacity to use conventional forces in defense of our interests outside the boundaries of the United States. Accepting this view—the view that "extending deterrence" is already dead—would mean the end of the bipartisan foreign policy we have pursued since Truman's time, and a return of the United States to neutrality, isolation, and impotence.

Fortunately, the nuclear balance has not yet shifted enough to justify the defeatism of Messrs. Nixon, Kissinger, and Harriman. But the handwriting is on the wall. A clear-cut Soviet first-strike capacity would destroy the American nuclear umbrella over Western Europe, North Asia, and the Middle East. Under such circumstances our nuclear arsenal would have only the function of the British, French, and Chinese forces to deflect war from our borders in the event of general catastrophe.

Mr. Biggs also asks whether our MX and Trident II are not as much first-strike weapons as the Soviet ground-based ballistic missiles. As my article makes clear, the difference between first-strike and retaliatory forces is largely one of numbers, and the United States is not seeking numerical superiority over the Soviet Union in any category of weapons. In any event, *tu quoque* hardly applies to the contest between the Soviet Union's policy of accelerating aggression and the Western policy of most reluctant and half-hearted self-defense, as Mr. Hanson rightly notes.

CULT CONTRADICTION

To the editors:

As much as I welcomed Laurence Grafstein's "Messianic Capitalism" (TNR, February 20), we ought not mistake it for much more than an assembly of new data. Grafstein gives us precious little help in coming to terms with the legitimacy of cult capitalism and suppression of the individual in our midst—primarily because Grafstein's article is riven by two central confusions.

First, everything Grafstein says about cult capitalism is virtually true of traditional religious communities and churches in our country. We already accept this situation. Why are the cults special? A little tax loophole action? Surely, small potatoes. "Slave labor"? That may be a deeper matter, which leads me to point two.

Second, even if everything Grafstein says about the intellectual (and economic) "slavery" of cult members be true, liberals can hardly issue a principled complaint. Because cult "slavery" is freely chosen, liberals have none to blame but themselves. Raise individual freedom to the level of absolute value, and you collapse in contradiction in trying to deny other individuals the right to exercise their individual freedom as they choose—even to surrender it to others. About the best we can do is defend restrictions upon individual freedom in terms of the individual freedom of others or failure to be at the age of majority.

What we then need in thinking about cult in America is not more facts, but a theory about the kind of individualism we want.

IVAN STRENSKI
Los Angeles, California

BEYOND THE DEDUCTION

To the editors:

James K. Glassman misses the point in his Washington Diarist ("Beyond the Repertoire," TNR, February 13) on the merits and demerits of the tax deduction allowed a U.S. corporation for its support of the arts. Subsidizing art by allowing a deduction for the purchase of paintings is only the most superficial example of the inefficient allocation of taxpayer money which arises from the tax on corporate income.

By first legislating a corporate tax and then legislating a mind-numbing array of allowable deductions, often for legitimate purposes and more often for shortsighted political goals, Congress has insulated itself from the politically difficult, but necessary, position of being explicitly responsible for how a significant amount of U.S. taxpayer money is raised and spent. If Congress had to tax directly individuals (the ultimate

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

COUNTING THE RINGS

Good news for the aging. (And who is not?) Gary Hart, addressing a group of elderly voters in New Hampshire, revealed that his call for "a new generation of leadership" actually "encompasses all generations." Anyone can boogie. To be specific, the "new generation" encompasses all people up through and beyond, but not including, age 56. At that age, one tends to be "beholden . . . to old arrangements and old agendas and old commitments and old programs and old policies." Hart, a spry 47, now emphasizes that what he has in mind is not so much "chronological age" as the more amorphous qualities of leadership.

Walter Mondale, age 56, on the other hand, has been talking about the amorphous qualities of leadership in a way that suggests what he really has in mind is chronological age. In particular, age 73. In the last week of February, the Mondale campaign formally unveiled "leadership" as a political issue for the fall, the way General Motors might unveil a new model car, after extensive market research and design. Journalists took it on a test drive to a Reagan press conference and gave it good reviews. There's hope that millions will buy it.

Mondale accuses President Reagan of "government by staff, policy by default, management by alibi, and leadership by amnesia." He adds, "the only one who doesn't seem to see this problem is President Reagan." Except for "management by alibi" (which may have been included more for rhythm than anything else), these are all elements in a pretty coherent picture: forgetful . . . passive . . . bad eyesight . . . leaning on a staff . . . Mondale's own staff amplifies that the issue also includes, as standard equipment, the hours Reagan works and how often he goes on vacations to California. Get the point? He's *old*.

Mondale's people deny that the issue is age. "Amnesia," they say, refers to the way Reagan accused Tip O'Neill of wanting to "surrender" in Lebanon one day, and pulled the troops out himself the next. But deceit and demagoguery would be more accurate descriptions of this behavior than amnesia—and more damning too, you would have thought. The trouble is, though, the evidence that Reagan is actually a rather nasty character just doesn't seem to stick. So it's naturally tempting to recast the same material to suggest that he's out to lunch. Is there a legitimate concern here? Is Reagan too old to be President? Or, apart from his "chronological age," is he insufficiently vigorous and attentive?

To start, is a vote for Reagan just a mislabeled vote for George Bush? According to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, a healthy white male of Reagan's age has an average life expectancy of about ten years, and a 78 percent chance of living through the next four years. This may strike you as alarmingly low, but that's because you think you're going to live forever. Walter Mondale is seventeen years younger, but his life expectancy is only ten years longer. He has a 94 percent chance of surviving the next four years, but this means that by voting for Reagan you're only increasing by 1 in 6 your chance of buying a corpse. This risk is dwarfed by the statistically incalculable, but sadly real, chance of anyone who's President dying of unnatural causes.

What about the living Reagan? Is he losing it? An interesting article a couple of weeks ago in *The New York Times* reported the latest research on how aging affects the mind. (It didn't mention the Case-Study-in-Chief.) Apparently, most measures of mental ability are unaffected by age. A few suffer, but the decline is inconsequential. Even some of these, such as reaction time, can be brought up to snuff by offering "such incentives as Green Stamps to motivate elderly subjects." Maybe the offer of some Green Stamps would motivate Reagan to react a bit quicker to the deficit.

One mental tool, called "crystallized intelligence," actually grows with age. It is defined as "a person's ability to use an accumulated body of general information to make judgments and solve problems." If the subject were Eleanor Roosevelt or Hubert Humphrey, liberals

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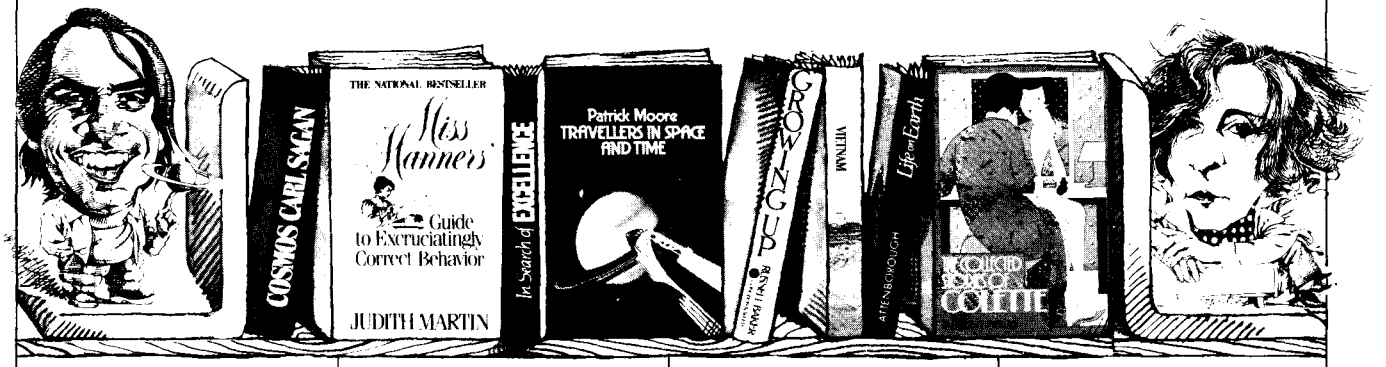

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THE DEMOCRATS AND FORCE

Obviously peace is preferable to war, the absence of force is preferable to the presence of force. The problem for a President, however, is that he is faced with powers that do not always prefer peace to war, that may require a response in which diplomacy is accompanied by a ruder sort of deterrent. It was encouraging to learn from the Democratic candidates' third televised debate, which took place in New Hampshire on February 23, that there is at least one place in the world where a Democratic President would be willing to use force to protect vital American interests: the Persian Gulf. It was discouraging, though, that the candidates virtually announced to the world that the Gulf is the only such place. It was discouraging too that they did not make more explicit their determination to defend Western Europe in the event of a Soviet nuclear attack. If this kind of policy remains dominant among the Democrats—and if it is enshrined in their 1984 platform—we see trouble for the party in the general election campaign, and trouble for the country if it wins.

Obviously we are not urging a policy of sending in the Marines at the first sign of trouble. We also recognize two political facts of life that affect the policy pronouncements of Democratic candidates—that peace activists tend to exert disproportional influence in the Democratic nominating process, and that polls show President Reagan to be vulnerable on the issue of war and peace. Still, the pursuit of votes is no excuse for ignoring the realities of this world. America is a great power on which smaller countries depend for their security. Both America's own interests and those of its allies are threatened by aggressors, potential and actual, on nearly every continent. We cannot fight everywhere at once. We do not want to fight anywhere at all, in fact. To some extent the peace can be kept by peaceful means—by diplomacy, international law, economic aid, cultural contacts, and mutual respect for shared values. But America's adversaries set greater store by violence and intimidation, as a glance at the international record of the Soviet Union, Syria, Iran, Cuba, and Libya will show. So beyond the preferred peaceful means of protecting U.S. interests, the United States must, unfortunately, deter violence by demonstrating an ability and a willingness to use it when necessary.

Unfortunately, the Democratic candidates for President have spent much of this campaign furnishing adversaries with lists of all the places in which the United States would not intervene if one of them were elected and from which it would withdraw. Every one of the candidates opposes aid to anti-Sandinista rebels fighting in Nicaragua—even though it is precisely this pressure that has induced Nicaragua's government to contemplate negotiations with its neighbors and to plan elections. All of the candidates ended up opposing the presence of the Marines in Lebanon, and all favored withdrawal regardless of the political consequences in the region. Only one of the Democrats—the almost invisible Reubin Askew—supported the invasion of Grenada. The predominant Democratic reaction was a gasp followed by a series of quibbles.

In the New Hampshire debate, Barbara Walters put three hypothetical questions to the candidates, requiring them to indicate how they would respond (1.) to an Iran-

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ian closure of the Persian Gulf oil routes, (2.) to a "limited" Soviet nuclear attack on a Western European ally, and (3.) to a "Communist revolution" in Mexico. The questions were not perfectly cast, but they did challenge the candidates to indicate how they might respond to sudden emergency.

IN THE CASE of the Persian Gulf—a point of threat at this very moment, what with Iraq attacking Iran's oil facilities and Iran menacing all of its neighbors—the Democrats agreed almost unanimously that here was a place that American force might be used, in cooperation with the European allies. Surprisingly, the most forthright of all on this point was Jesse Jackson, who said that "since the threat has been made, we should be in a state of readiness right now. . . . There are some things worth exposing life for. I don't think our boys losing their lives in Honduras and invading Grenada or being trapped in Lebanon militarily is worth it. But there are some areas where our men—and women, as it were—and artillery must be in position. . . . The industrial base of the Western world is at stake."

Among the leading contenders for the Democratic nomination, former Vice President Walter Mondale was the most reassuring on the Gulf issue. He declared that "the right of navigation on the high seas is one of the most important rules of a civilized world. And therefore the British forces, the French forces, the United States forces, and others ought to make it clear that those sea lanes must stay open." It wasn't clear from Mr. Mondale's answer whether or not he would also defend Arab oil states in the event of outside attack or internal subversion, but Mr. Mondale's new chief rival for the Democratic nomination, Senator Gary Hart, made it plain he would not. "Not one life would be put ashore in any Persian Gulf area," he said. Senator John Glenn, the fading number three man in the Democratic race, gave a similar response.

Both Mr. Glenn and Mr. Hart originally seemed to be centrists within the Democratic Party on defense and foreign policy issues, yet both have exhibited a disturbing tendency to advocate withdrawal from U.S. foreign policy responsibilities. Their comments on the Gulf serve as a virtual assurance to forces inimical to U.S. interests that an invasion of or revolution in a Gulf state would simply go unanswered by the United States. Mr. Hart was in the forefront of those demanding withdrawal from Lebanon; Mr. Glenn would have dealt allied unity a blow by delaying deployment of cruise missiles in Europe in the face of Soviet threats.

When Ms. Walters asked the candidates what they would do if they were notified that the Soviets had launched a nuclear attack on a European ally, the appropriate answer for all the candidates would have been: "The Soviet Union should be on notice that basic U.S. policy remains what it has been throughout the postwar era. Once I have confirmed that a Soviet attack took place and determined it was no accident, the Soviet Union should expect that I will respond as if this had been an attack on American territory." For forty years, the peace of Europe has been maintained because the Soviet Union believed that an attack on Europe would be treated as an attack on America. For forty years, allied unity has been maintained because the Europeans believed the same. That unity has been shaken in recent years partly because of European doubts that the United States would fulfill its commitments; the Democrats' responses will do nothing to allay those doubts.

None of the candidates declared straightforwardly that he would retaliate against a Soviet attack. Mr. Mondale, Mr. Glenn, and Senator Alan Cranston refused to answer the question, saying (as Mr. Cranston put it), "You have to keep adversaries guessing." Mr. Hart, Mr. Askew, and Mr. Jackson all said that the possibility of accidental war demonstrated the need for a joint U.S.-Soviet monitoring center. That's true, and it's a good idea, but it begs the question. Instead of answering it, the candidates scampered as fast as they could to their favorite arms control position. No one actually declared he wouldn't use nuclear weapons in the event of a Soviet attack, and we're not sure Mr. Reagan would have answered any differently. But no Soviet leader or European ally watching a videotape of the debate could have come away thinking, on the basis of these answers, that the psychological basis of America's deterrent will be firmer if a Democrat is elected.

THE SOVIETS presumably won't attack Europe in any event, because they cannot be sure things wouldn't spin out of hand. Latin America is a murkier case. From what Mr. Mondale said in New Hampshire, Communists in Latin America would not need to fear that an attack upon any country in the region, including Mexico, would meet with a U.S. response. In a subsequent interview Mr. Mondale modified his stance, but his remarks in New Hampshire had contained no hint he would act vigorously were Mexico in danger of going Communist. Here is what he said in the debate: "Just a historical point. Carlos Fuentes [the Mexican writer] gave the commencement address last year at Harvard, in one of the most compelling messages I've ever read in my life, pleading with the United States to let those to the south of us work out their own histories, just as we did. We have made more mistakes over the last sixty years believing that somehow our notion of what, say, the government of Nicaragua ought to be, should be to our liking. The net result is one of bitterness, suspicion, and hostility toward us. John Kennedy once said there isn't an American answer for every problem in the world. We have to let these people develop their own traditions, their own history, and their own respect for themselves, and show some restraint. We can't solve everything with an American gun."

Mr. Mondale told us in an interview last week that "a Communist revolution in Mexico obviously would be serious and every reasonable step should be made to avoid it," primarily through bolstering the Mexican economy. In the event of a revolution, he said, "if it was not indigenous and was controlled from the outside, we might have to use

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force, working with the Mexican government. I would see a Mexican government controlled by the Soviet Union as a definite threat." That's similar to what Mr. Hart said: "We do have a self-interest in the security of our own borders, and if the government of Mexico asked for our help I'd give that serious consideration." Neither of the two Democratic front-runners was as direct, though, as Senator Ernest Hollings and Mr. Askew. "Under no circumstances . . . would we allow a takeover in Mexico on our border for a Communist regime," Mr. Hollings said. Mr. Askew said, "If it was from outside and Communist, I wouldn't let it take place. And anyone else won't let it take place, regardless of what they say."

Maybe. But some Democrats give the impression that short of a clearly Soviet-inspired revolution in Mexico or a blockage of the Persian Gulf, the use of American force is a hypothetical impossibility. We endorse the Democrats' criticism that the Reagan Administration reaches too quickly for the gun and does not know how to employ diplomacy, human rights policy, and economic aid to advance American interests. But the American people know that force and the threat of force are central to the foreign policy of America's adversaries, and they expect their President to be able to deter and defeat such tactics. They will not elect a President who appears unwilling to use force except as a last resort any more than they will support one who uses it as a first resort. Between now and November, we hope that the Democrats can find a way to oppose Mr. Reagan's foreign policy without going to neo-isolationist extremes. Should a Democrat be elected President, it is important that allies and adversaries understand from the outset that he will defend American interests. To the extent that the matter is in doubt, allies will feel insecure and adversaries will be tempted rd adventures that could lead to war.

JACKSON AND THE JEWS

After two weeks of ever more twisting and less plausible denials, Jesse Jackson now confirms that he has referred to Jews as "Hymies" and to New York as "Hymietown" after all. Mr. Jackson, who has made a career of imputing racism to others, speaks himself (and has been forced so to admit) in the reflexive and divisive vernacular of racists; he even supposes that the ugliness of his expression is mitigated by the fact that it was uttered not from a public platform but "in private conversation" and "off the record." At least he has not been so indecent as to suggest that his denigrating usage for Jews, in the presence of two *Washington Post* reporters, was a verbal lapse, a onetime thing, a case of "misspeaking."

We don't imagine Mr. Jackson is the only candidate for President who has ever used a racial slur "in private conversation," and he has apologized for his words. The difficulty is that his casual use of hateful slang was no anomaly, no freakish exception. The bitter truth is that for a long time Jesse Jackson has exploited for demagogic ends code words from the classic vocabulary of anti-Semitism. In speeches to black groups more than a decade ago, he blamed Richard Nixon's insensitivity to the poor on the Jewishness of "four out of five" of his top advisers, preposterously including in this count John Ehrlichman and H. R. Haldeman. (If the Jews are responsible for Mr. Nixon, what are they *not* responsible for?) The support for Israel in the Democratic Party, reported the *Chicago Sun-Times* in July 1982, he pins on "the Jewish element within the party . . . a kind of glorified form of bribery." In 1979 he told CBS's "60 Minutes" that Jewish-controlled industries, more than others, keep blacks out. When the black heavyweight boxer John Tate fought a title match in one of those Pretoria-improvised and callously labeled black "homelands," Mr. Jackson, in his own newspaper column, took special note of the fact that the promoters were "two Jews." In any case, Mr. Jackson has insisted more than once, Jews control the banks and also the media. To this last false fact he adduces many of his own troubles with the press, a maneuver reinforced by his apparent impression that anybody critical of him or of positions he takes is likely to be Jewish, including press people who aren't.

MR. JACKSON makes the routine but almost always hypocritical distinction between Judaism and Zionism, solicitously suggesting, according to the *Birmingham News* (July 13, 1980), that "Zionism is a kind of poisonous weed that is choking Judaism"—as if he cares a fig for Judaism. Since Zionism asserts the nationhood of the Jews—the people who first gave meaning in history to the very idea of the nation and who preserved their national identity through millennia of dispersion—it should not surprise that this distinction, a staple also of Mr. Jackson's friend Yasir Arafat, is one that alarms Jews rather more than it consoles them.

Now Mr. Jackson, in an effort to cover up the moral disarray produced in his own camp by the most recent embarrassing disclosures of his contempt for Jews, has evoked a vast and interlocking Jewish conspiracy against him. Under examination, this conspiracy turns out to be a tiny extremist gang, calling itself Jews Against Jackson and associated with Rabbi Meir Kahane, a frequent resident of Israeli jails. Anthony Lewis of *The New York Times* has made short shrift of Mr. Jackson's effort to depict this cohort as part of the Jewish mainstream: "The Jewish leadership has spoken out loud and clear," he writes, in rebuking disruptive actions directed at Mr. Jackson. In a pathetic and desperate effort to deflect the focus from his own bigotry, Mr. Jackson now offers the story that a Jewish alumnus of Harvard insulted his daughter three years ago during an admissions interview in Chicago. Even if the tale is true, the very telling of it condemns Mr. Jackson. To what purpose is the anecdote of one allegedly insensitive Jew now told? Is it supposed somehow to justify Mr.

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Jackson's own prejudices?

For generations in the big cities, anti-Semitism has been a fact in the black community (as anti-black prejudice has been a fact among Jews). During the great teachers' strike in New York in 1969, black anti-Semitism emerged momentarily as a potent force among a frustrated element in the black community. A few of its purveyors, like Herbert Daughtry's Black United Front in Brooklyn, have retained some influence since then, there and elsewhere in the country. But for the most part, in recent years the phenomenon of black anti-Semitism has receded to the shadowy fringes, and has been kept there by a mainstream black leadership which understands that Jew-baiting is not only unproductive but wrong.

With the candidacy of Jesse Jackson, black anti-Semitism gained a big-time tribune. At a Jackson rally shown over CBS News, Louis Farrakhan, Leader of the Nation of Islam, in a threnodic introduction of the Presidential hopeful himself, spoke darkly of "the Jews" and threateningly to "the Jews" in a manner seldom heard since the days of Father Coughlin a half-century ago. On ABC the next night, Ted Koppel gave Mr. Jackson the opportunity to distance himself from Mr. Farrakhan's remarks. This Mr. Jackson sternly refused to do. Instead, having said a few years ago that he is "sick and tired of hearing about the Holocaust," he observed to Mr. Koppel that there is a cautionary example for blacks in it. "Jews went to the chambers silently," Mr. Jackson declared in some defiance of history. "They should have gone fighting if they had to go at all." (We would have thought they did not have to go at all.) And Mr. Farrakhan's inflammatory statements? Mr. Jackson declined to disavow them, preferring instead some transparent blather about "reconciliation" and "going beyond."

THE DEMOCRATIC candidates seem to be almost as anxious to reach the great beyond on this one as Mr. Jackson is. Rarely has their collective timidity been so evident. These heroic assailants of James Watt's no more, indeed rather less, bigoted comments scampered for cover rather than criticize Mr. Jackson. Georgia State Senator Julian Bond has suggested publicly that cowardice explains the reticence of the Presidential candidates. Mr. Mondale said just about nothing. Senator Glenn was relieved that "the days of racism are behind us." Senator Hart guaranteed "Jackson will not use that language again." Mr. McGovern termed Mr. Jackson's admission "courageous," and was sure it "will put the issue to rest."

Wrong again, Mr. McGovern. Mr. Jackson's halfhearted apology won't put the issue to rest because what has been raised is a matter not of language but of character. This is not something so easily forgotten. In the context of Mr. Jackson's praise for tyrants and dictators of the Third World his careless anti-Semitism is far from unexpected. Whatever genuine moral authority he may have exerted in the party through his claim to speak for the poor now falls away from his candidacy and his person. A Democratic Party eager to win, and, more importantly, to win for humane ends, can no more defer to Jesse Jackson in 1984 than it did to George Wallace in 1968 and 1972. We noted some months ago ("Jackson Jumps In," TNR, November 28, 1983) that it would be tragic if the first test of America's readiness for a black President were to come in the person of Jesse Jackson. His candidacy, now inescapably bound up with his pattern of anti-Semitism, has become a burden for all Democrats, black and white. This is hardly a simple matter for the party: most of Mr. Jackson's supporters certainly are not anti-Semitic, or sympathetic to dictators either; the Democratic Party should be theirs in a way that many of them didn't think it was until the Jackson campaign touched a nerve that other Democrats have not. It would be wrong also to stigmatize the mass of Jackson delegates who show up in San Francisco. But their candidate deserves no honor in the party. The national Democratic Party has been done with racists and racism for more than thirty-five years. There is no room in it or in a Democratic Administration for racists and racism now.

ARGENTINE OPENING

After nearly eight years of draconian military rule, Argentina has opened the door to democracy. How long before tyranny slams it shut again no one knows. Meanwhile, the nation's new president, Raúl Alfonsín, is embarked on a courageous, if precarious, political path. He seeks to disprove the notion that in Latin America, democracy is a superstition based on statistics. He hopes also simply to survive. (See "Argentina's Democratic Miracle," by Robert Cox, page 18.) It is altogether an extraordinary moment. But to make it more than a moment will require the support of democrats the world over. Prime Minister Thatcher of Great Britain can help.

In his first ninety days in office, Mr. Alfonsín has moved with breathtaking speed to return his benighted land to the rule of law and decency. He has renounced Argentina's love affair with violence. He has withdrawn Argentina's mercenary support of secret wars to overthrow existing Latin governments, as in Nicaragua; he has signed a friendship agreement with Chile and pledged to resolve peacefully the two nations' long-standing quarrel over the Beagle Channel; and he has offered to guarantee the present way of life for residents of the Falkland Islands if Britain will peacefully recognize Argentine sovereignty over the South Atlantic islands.

Mr. Alfonsín's offer is one that Mrs. Thatcher ought seriously to consider. After all, she can take some credit for having made it possible for a democrat like Mr. Alfonsín to dislodge the dictators from power. An unintended consequence of Mrs. Thatcher's spirited and successful defense of the Falklands was a final unmasking of Argentina's military. Revealed as grossly incompetent at fighting

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any war other than one against their own people, the generals did not simply lose face; they lost the right to govern.

Defeat in war often compels countries to confront themselves. The Falklands debacle was a necessary tonic. For far too long, Argentina had lived a delusion. It thought it could afford a junta that did not know how to count. It could not. Argentina today is wracked by a $40 billion foreign debt and the world's highest inflation rate. It thought it could humor a military that was given to imperial dreams of conquest. It could not. Such fantasies foundered on the rock of Mrs. Thatcher's pride and muscle.

But Britain's Prime Minister is not free from delusion either. Who besides Mrs. Thatcher really believes Britain will forever be able to clasp the Falklands to its bosom? She has not suffered any similar fantasy over the ultimate fate of Hong Kong, whose future status has been the subject of intense, but civilized, dispute. Indeed, Mrs. Thatcher is reported to have recently concluded that Britain can retain neither sovereignty nor administrative control over Hong Kong after 1997, the year that part of the colony's lease expires. Surely she does not believe Port Stanley to be more important than Hong Kong.

There are signs that realism is beginning to prevail at 10 Downing Street. From the moment Mr. Alfonsín swore his oath of office, there have been indications that Mrs. Thatcher is quietly laying the groundwork for a reconciliation of both nations' legitimate interests. The Falklands may be one of the few places in the world where definitions of sovereignty may not necessarily have to be mutually exclusive.

First, Mrs. Thatcher sent a message of congratulations to Mr. Alfonsín on his inauguration December 10, ending a nineteen-month break in direct communication between London and Buenos Aires. Second, she sent Britain's deputy foreign secretary, Baroness Young, on a six-day visit to the colony, ending on January 17. The baroness took the occasion to tell the Islanders that "there are obvious economic advantages" to improved relations between the Islands and Argentina, and between Argentina and Britain. Third, she dispatched Britain's defense secretary, Michael Heseltine, a few days later to the Islands, where he too declared himself for "normalcy of relationships between the two countries." Finally, it was revealed that Britain and Argentina have been secretly negotiating through Swiss and Brazilian mediators ever since Mr. Alfonsín became president. The talks are said to be friendly and close.

What chance does "normalcy" have? A great deal, now that democracy has begun to blossom in Buenos Aires. Mrs. Thatcher should seize this unforeseen opportunity to make a serious gesture toward settling the Falklands squabble. Such a gesture would strengthen Argentina's democrats while discrediting its authoritarian bullies for a long time to come. Mrs. Thatcher would be able to show that quiet diplomacy can win what brute force could not. And Mr. Alfonsín, for his part, could demonstrate that democracy can succeed where dictatorship has failed.

NASTY GAMES

Even at its best, which is never very good, the International Olympic Committee is not all fun and games. The I.O.C.'s sportsmanship was at an especially low ebb during its meeting in Sarajevo early last month. In a little-noticed development of considerable political significance, the I.O.C.'s Executive Committee voted—unanimously—to deny press credentials to reporters representing Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty. With this grotesque act, the I.O.C. crowned with success a twelve-year, Soviet-orchestrated effort to use the Olympics as a means to delegitimize the two broadcasting organizations.

The story here is fairly straightforward. The Soviet authorities and their East European client governments hate and fear Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, both of which are based in Munich and funded by the United States Congress; in fact, the Soviet bloc spends three times the R.F.E.-R.L. budget each year trying to jam the broadcasts. Unlike the Voice of America and the British Broadcasting Corporation, R.F.E.-R.L.—broadcasting around the clock, in twenty-one languages ranging from Polish to Uzbek—provides a surrogate home-station service to its listeners. In other words, although Radio Free Europe's Bulgarian Service, for example, does cover world news, its primary purpose is to allow Bulgarians (in the West) to broadcast to Bulgaria in Bulgarian *about Bulgaria*. And it is this particular function that the old men in the Kremlin find intolerable.

During the Solidarity renewal, with phone lines cut and Polish radio playing nothing but Chopin, it was through R.F.E.'s Polish Service that striking shipyard workers in Gdansk learned that their brethren in Kraków and Katowice had also marched out on strike. Despite the difficulty inherent in collecting data from police states, Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty have earned a reputation for accuracy. This is one reason the stations enjoy such enormous audiences. In some Warsaw Pact countries, more than half of the total population tunes in at least once a week. Literally millions are regular daily listeners.

Beginning at the 1972 Munich Olympics, either the Soviets themselves or one of their satellites (that year it happened to be Czechoslovakia) have waged strong campaigns to convince the International Olympic Committee not to accredit R.F.E.-R.L. journalists. After a near-miss in Montreal in 1976, the battle was fought again in 1980. And now, at last, victory.

The logic that the I.O.C. Executive used to rationalize this disgraceful decision is that henceforth it will accredit news organizations only if they report to their "own people" back home. Of course, what R.F.E.-R.L.'s Polish, Russian, and other broadcasters do is precisely to report back home to their own people—albeit from exile. And that aside, there remains nothing in the Olympic Charter to suggest that "external journalism" is in any sense im-

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proper. What the charter does have to say pertaining to this issue is that the I.O.C. "shall secure the widest possible audience for the Olympic Games."

R.F.E.-R.L. was offered two compromises during the deliberations. One was that its reporters could cover the Games provided that they not identify themselves as R.F.E.-R.L. representatives. The second was that five R.F.E.-R.L. journalists (not twelve, as originally requested) would be accredited, but only if all of them were American citizens. The reporters who work for Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty are a diverse lot of varied citizenship while in exile from their own lands—some, in fact, are stateless. To his lasting credit, the R.F.E.-R.L. president, former Senator James L. Buckley, rejected these deliberately humiliating offers out of hand.

The American representative to the I.O.C. Executive—a post with no ties either to the United States government or to the U.S. Olympic Committee—voted with the majority to deny R.F.E.-R.L. accreditation. The representative, Julian Roosevelt, who identifies himself as a "yachtsman," apparently informed his I.O.C. colleagues that the radio stations are a "front for spies." Later, after prompting by William Simon, the president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, Mr. Roosevelt modified his views; the stations, he explained this time, are a "propaganda agency." By the way, Tass, Novotsy, and Radio Moscow were all duly accredited for the Sarajevo Olympics—without objection from Roosevelt or anyone else.

This year's summer Olympics will be in Los Angeles. "If this political decision is not overturned," R.F.E.-R.L.'s Mr. Buckley said at a recent news conference, "a major American tax-supported news organization will be denied the right to cover a major international sports event taking place on American soil." He added that the Olympic Committee must understand "that the present course is a dangerous one: dangerous to the true spirit of the Olympic movement and dangerous to the basic principles guaranteeing free flow of information."

Unfortunately, the R.F.E.-R.L. decision is all too consistent with the true, as distinct from the proclaimed, spirit of the Olympic Games, which over the years have been marred by many kinds of political squalor. (See "The Great Sports Swindle," by Stefan Kanfer, TNR, February 20.) But that doesn't make this decision any prettier. The United States should use its influence to get it reversed.

NOTEBOOK

□ THREE LITTLE WORDS: We don't mean to act always like the press police, but there remain instances of such moral idiocy that they cannot be allowed to pass. In the matter of the comparison between Israelis and Nazis, certainly, we will be indefatigable. And there it was again, in the "Outlook" section of *The Washington Post* of February 12, in an article by Stephen Rosenfeld. Operation Peace in Galilee, he observes, was a mistake. Fair enough. But the mistake, he continues, included Israel's reliance "on Lebanon's Christians to build what the man who was then Defense Minister, Ariel Sharon, called, incredibly, a 'new order' (the Hitler phrase)." Is Mr. Rosenfeld aware that he has collaborated in one of the great calumnies? There is poison between those parentheses. Three little words are all it takes to provide an entry into enlightened opinion for one big lie. Does anybody edit this paper?

□ WHEN THE HISTORY of the Michael Jackson phenomenon comes to be written—and it will be an important history, because the mainstream of American music has never accepted a more astonishing human artifact—it will include one of the lowest products of American publicity, which is saying a lot. The perpetrator, naturally, was *People* magazine. Its February 13 issue has a cover story on the famous fire in the star's hair. It includes "exclusive photos" from Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. There, on page 26, is Michael in a hospital gown, his boyish bedroom eyes staring into the camera, as he leans photogenically over a grotesquely disfigured burn victim. The attending physician is also smiling directly above the seared man's skull. Even the poor wretch in his bed is straining at the lens. *People* has outdone itself. It has captured, inadvertently but unforgettably, the full measure of callousness of which the celebrity culture is capable.

□ THE INFLUENCE OF FILM ON FICTION will probably turn out to surpass by far the influence of fiction on film. The latest example makes our hearts sink. Sloan Wilson has published a sequel to *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, a novel that defined the suburban ethos in 1955. Now sequels are a recurring feature of the novel form, here and in England. This one, however, has an unusual name. It is called *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit II*. Score another one for Rocky Balboa.

□ TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "John Kennedy helped demolish the notion that primaries don't count. But he won them. What could sustain Governor Rockefeller and Senator Goldwater in the weeks of campaigning that lie ahead, other than a compelling sense of mission—and money? Neither man, judging by New Hampshire, will be nominated by his party for the privilege of standing up to Lyndon B. Johnson in November; and in Mr. Goldwater's case fund-raising will become harder. For though there are many people, some of them well-heeled, who see in the Senator the Republic's only savior, only the most ardent invest in a falling stock. We are left with the sense of mission: Mr. Rockefeller's sincere if often blundering resolve to save the G.O.P from extremists, Mr. Goldwater's crusade to make his party a spokesman for pugnacity abroad and private enterprise at home." ("Two Down, Three to Go," The Editors, March 21, 1964.)

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Big Politics gets a big shock.

HART ATTACK

Manchester

GARY HART'S victory over Walter Mondale in the New Hampshire primary is the most stunning upset in recent political history. When Eugene McCarthy startled Lyndon Johnson in 1968 and George McGovern shocked Edmund Muskie in 1972 there was at least a compelling issue driving their campaigns. Also, both challengers lost; their victories were initially moral—they did better than expected, not better than the other candidate. But in 1984 no great issue has emerged that divides the candidates into irreconcilably warring factions. There is no readily apparent explanation for Mondale's disastrous dive and Hart's miraculous rise. It wasn't supposed to have happened. *Newsweek* reported that the "Mondale machine" was "unstoppable," and *The New York Times*, in a front-page story by Hedrick Smith on the morning of the election, reported to the paper's embarrassment later in the day that with "no new challenger emerging strongly," Mondale "now holds the most commanding lead ever recorded this early in a Presidential nominating campaign by a nonincumbent."

On February 25, the Mondale juggernaut stopped at the Fox Fun Mall outside of Portsmouth. The candidate, looking as inevitable as ever, entered on a tide of Secret Service men and journalists. He flowed about a hundred yards into the mall, shook about fifty hands, and ebbed out without establishing a secure beachhead. He was wearing his shiny black wing tips. On February 27, Gary Hart prepared for a walking tour of Elm Street in Manchester by examining the worn soles of his black cowboy boots. He hadn't removed them for weeks—intending, perhaps, to die with his boots on. One can judge the two campaigns from the ground up.

The generational split that was first evident in Iowa was stark in New Hampshire. Mondale's campaign may be seen as an attempt to impose the authority of the older generation, Hart's as a rebellious assertion that younger people's own ideas and experience are valid. Hart's voters, according to the NBC exit poll, overwhelmingly believed that his theme of "new ideas" is clear, and that it means exactly what his ads say: "The politics of yesterday have failed us." We need "a leader for a new generation."

In category after category, the generational schism was striking. According to the *Los Angeles Times* exit poll, voters under the age of 45 comprised 64 percent of the electorate; baby-boomers between the ages of 30 and 44 made up 43 percent. Whether they described themselves as liberal, moderate, or conservative, voters under 45 overwhelmingly supported Hart. And his support cut across class lines, with both young union and non-union workers backing him. For years, political scientists have pondered when the phantom new generation would make its entrance into electoral politics. They got their answer in New Hampshire.

The generational split of the 1980s involves practically the same cast of characters as that of the 1960s: the fault line has simply moved up from around age 30 to around age 50. But in contrast to that of twenty years ago, today's split is not so much a conflict as simply a difference. The conventional wisdom had it that with the turbulent '60s over, hormone levels down, and mortgage rates up, those entering early middle age would become almost indistinguishable from the older generation. The Hart vote provides strong evidence that this generation, however outwardly traditional it might have become, still has a sense of separateness. Its members have never conclusively embraced the status quo, and they remain deeply skeptical of what they perceive as the Establishment. There is a longing for community beyond nostalgic *Big Chill* camaraderie. Yet no one until now has really appealed to these people on their own terms, except Jerry Brown, who was premature and too weird. This younger cohort has been waiting for someone to summon it to a more mature political identity. In New Hampshire, Hart issued an invitation to something more than a reunion—and a lot of people came.

Mondale's campaign played into Hart's strategy by representing Mondale as everything the "new generation" instinctively recoils from. In his ads the candidate proudly depicted himself as a veteran Establishment insider. "This President Will Know What He's Doing" was the slogan. As opposed to whom? The slogan seemed rather cleverly to refer both to Ronald Reagan, whom the Democrats have been picturing as out to lunch, and to Jimmy Carter, whom Mondale served as Vice President. Carter won the Presidency by campaigning as an outsider, and Mondale's campaign seemed implicitly calculated to correct all of Carter's errors. Mondale would cultivate the interest groups, make deals, schmooze with Congress. "I know the White House," he said in an ad. "I'm ready—I'm ready to be President." But New Hampshire Democrats weren't so ready.

A week before the New Hampshire vote, in Iowa, Mondale's pollster, Peter Hart, was retailing a theory to support his candidate and dismiss the others. "The experience theme works," he told me. "Experience is a threshold quality, as integrity was in 1976. We're across the threshold. Nobody else is. People are looking for stability. The opposition is not going to get us there." But for primary voters, "experience" may be interpreted as staleness. In almost every speech Mondale made he drove the point home by extolling Hubert Humphrey, "almost a father." To older Democrats, Humphrey is a revered figure, the happy warrior for social decency. To voters in their 30s and early 40s, that image of Humphrey is mixed with the memory of him as a hypocrite who offered bad excuses for the Vietnam War. To voters under 30, Humphrey is mostly an indistinct blur. The more Mondale mentioned his

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mentor the more he deepened the generational split. Mondale, however, had no notion that he was doing this because his view of history seems to take no account of the 1960s, during which he supported the war. The only ruptures in our history to him are Republican Presidencies; once we get rid of the current Republican, everything can begin to return to normal. He is the consummate partisan—and this, too, is interpreted by many in the institution-wary younger generation as a sign that he represents something compromised. According to the NBC poll, Mondale beat Hart 42 to 28 among self-described "strong Democrats." This did not mean they were more liberal, for among them Hart beat Mondale 39 to 25.

Mondale has added a new entry to the triumvirate of bigness. Alongside Big Government, Big Labor, and Big Business, he has offered Big Politics. His strategy has been to forge a gigantic campaign bureaucracy that struck awe in the national press corps. In Washington alone, he maintained a staff large enough to fill an office building, and anybody who was important had his or her own printed business card: management liberalism dressed for success. Before New Hampshire, Mondale had succeeded in convincing the press that he would win because he had a stronger bureaucracy. In getting the press to regard the size of the bureaucracy as the measure of credibility, Mondale pulled off an impressive, if ultimately counterproductive, public relations coup. More than any other figure, he has been the candidate of the media, which uncomplainingly presented the primaries as over before they started. Because Mondale was inevitable, not to support him was to be with a loser. He gained many endorsements, which enhanced the aura of institutional prowess. Each endorsement was treated as though it was a primary that Mondale won. The press also helped Mondale create a rationale for his organization: Big Politics was justified because it was invincible. Mondale's machine became his message.

But in New Hampshire, the public gradually perceived the juggernaut as an incipient bureaucratic nightmare. Many households were called five, six, ten times. The day before the election a top Mondale aide told me people had stopped answering their phones; they felt almost hounded. "Gridlock," the aide called it. It was the technological overload of a bureaucracy magnificently chugging off the edge of a cliff. On February 20, the day of the Iowa caucus, Mondale led Hart in New Hampshire in the ABC-*Washington Post* poll, 41 to 10. In eight days the landslide in the polls and in Iowa turned into a catastrophe. And in the end, the Mondale machine did not deliver. According to the NBC poll, his organization contacted two-thirds of the voters, but half of those it reached actually voted for Hart. Mondale did not even manage to pull a majority of the union vote.

Hart's field organization was far more effective than Mondale's. It was smaller, but its workers were more highly motivated. They were also reinforced by a media campaign that finely targeted constituencies, reinforcing the message. By the weekend before the election, the private Hart poll showed that the "new ideas" theme had done its work. Just a week before, 37 percent of the voters felt Hart was "too young," while only 32 percent felt Mondale had "been around too long." Now only 19 percent thought Hart was "too young" and 58 percent believed Mondale had "been around too long." The television ads were swiftly switched. A commercial showing Hart with a group of older voters talking about Social Security was run heavily. The Hart polling also discovered that the most riveting reason "new generation" voters supported Mondale in Iowa was that they were fiercely anti-Reagan and felt that since Mondale would inevitably be the candidate, the quicker he wrapped up the nomination the better. The day before the primary, full-page ads for Hart appeared in six New Hampshire dailies: "I am running to *win* the Democratic Nomination for President." On primary day, the ad ran in *The Boston Globe*, which blankets southern New Hampshire.

HART BENEFITED from the demise of potential rivals on the left. George McGovern made his Iowa appeal—"Don't throw away your conscience." And in New Hampshire he seemed to be adding that no one could take the place of the father of the new politics. An Arlo Guthrie concert for McGovern on February 26 at the packed Palace Theater in Manchester radiated a warm glow. But once outside, after listening to "Alice's Restaurant," one wondered what year it was. *This* was the Big Chill. The Hart candidacy, by contrast, was somewhere we hadn't been before. "New isn't necessarily better," McGovern told me the next day. But the voters passed over him for something new. McGovern moved across the border to take up residence for two weeks in Massachusetts, where he's President.

Jesse Jackson, after his Syrian escapade, had soared to 16 points. He was at about 8 when he traveled to the Adath Yeshurun synagogue in Manchester to apologize for calling Jews "Hymies." The short trip from the Palace concert to the *shul* induced emotional whiplash. The scene was a casting call for a Mel Brooks movie—blacks, Jews, Secret Service bodyguards, reporters, lights, cameras. . . . Jackson contritely begged forgiveness and blamed the press for having the effrontery to report his "private" remark. He was humbly petulant. More points were shaved off for Hart.

Then there was John Glenn, the astronaut turned kamikaze, whose negative ads in Iowa had crashed into his campaign. His Manchester headquarters was located in an old mill on the banks of the Merrimack River, where a crowd of shell-shocked workers milled about. Glenn's advertising was trying to reinvent him one more time: "Believe in the future again." Believe in John Glenn again? Not many did. More Hart votes.

On election night, on the podium of his headquarters at the Chateau Restaurant, Hart giggled a lot. He engaged in his by now characteristic Vaughn Meader routine, chopping the air with his hand. But he found a way to connect his campaign to the past when he said, "The oldest tradition in the Democratic Party is new ideas."

The Mondale campaign was immediately discounting

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the New Hampshire result. At their morning-after press conference, Peter Hart said New Hampshire did not have "a typical electorate," and that although Gary Hart's "new ideas" theme had worked, he has "yet to cross the experience threshold." Bob Beckel, Mondale's campaign manager, said Hart had gotten "a free ride" from the press. Mondale had every material advantage—superior organization, money, endorsements, party rules, the press, and an underfinanced opposition. By losing he loses the argument of inevitability and, possibly, electability. If Mondale can't beat Hart in New Hampshire how can he beat Reagan in November?

Like Glenn, Mondale must now reinvent himself. Previously, his organization regarded campaign themes as another component part, like fund-raising, direct mail and polling. He ignored the Democratic field, projecting his Presidential "experience" against Reagan's. In that way he hoped to focus voters' attention away from his competitors and on the main event—Mondale versus Reagan, of course. More inevitability. Now Mondale must face that Democratic field, which is to say Hart. As the awful truth became known in New Hampshire, Mondale's top aides began meeting to come up with some new ideas. They unveiled a new theme at the press conference. "To see who's in front on change," said Bob Beckel, "go back to Mondale's record." If only the press would focus on the past, it would see Mondale's new ideas.

The day after, Hart scurried around the country, from Wyoming, a caucus state, to the South, and then up to Massachusetts—the Super Tuesday swing. The money has started to flow in. A half-million direct mail pieces went out the day after New Hampshire. Hart's aides are discussing how to develop the anti-Establishment strain of the themes into a populist appeal in the South. In Massachusetts, it's by no means self-evident that Governor Michael Dukakis's organization, which Mondale has counted on, will produce against a candidate who looks more like Dukakis than Mondale does. Hart's aides wondered where to find funds fast to buy a full-page ad in the Sunday *New York Times* to explain to liberals that Hart is a liberal too, not some new wave Carter.

UNLIKE MONDALE'S campaign, Hart's isn't fixed. It's still unfolding, still defining itself. Hart talked to me the day before the primary about the struggle between the "two liberal wings" of the post-F.D.R. Democratic Party, one tracing its lineage to Stevenson and Humphrey and the other to Kennedy. If Mondale is Humphrey and Hart is Kennedy, is New Hampshire West Virginia? "If it isn't," said Hart, "there will be a West Virginia." But the only way for Hart to be Kennedy is for him to be Hart. Kennedy, after all, did not get elected by "reminding" voters of someone else. He was new. Hart, if he is to extend his support and have his chance against Mondale in the struggle ahead, will have to go into himself.

While Hart's generational appeal cuts across other categories, his is not a vapidly "centrist" campaign. Like Mondale, he is a liberal, and only a liberal could have mobilized the younger cohort. The crucial factor about Glenn's campaign is his failure to create a conservative wing of the party. (In effect, Ronald Reagan, that old Democrat, is the leader of the party's conservatives.) One of the more effective Hart television spots presents his story as the story of his generation. The spot shows him as Robert Kennedy's civil rights aide in the Justice Department, as an opponent of the Vietnam War, as an advocate of environmentalism, women's rights, and arms control. Because of this logical progression, the spot argues, Hart now runs for President. The fusion of ideological and generational elements gives the Hart campaign much of its energy. What's most attractive about Hart's story is that it's unfinished.

SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

ON THE HILL

GUT ISSUES

THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT'S procurement officers are not the only people with a spare parts problem on their hands these days. The medical community has one too. New surgical techniques and drugs have made the human body more hospitable to borrowed tissue, transforming organ transplantation from a kind of surgical adventure into an increasingly routine procedure. The supply of kidneys, livers, hearts, and other recyclable body parts, usually salvaged from fresh cadavers, cannot keep up with the demand. America has an organ shortage.

The most visible evidence has been the parade of families before the TV cameras to appeal for organ donors. They resemble contestants on the 1950s sob show, "Queen for a Day," except that now the supplicants are not arthritic matrons but young children with fatal liver disease, and the prizes are not dinette sets, but survival. The little dramas of Brandon Hall, Jamie Fiske, Ashley Bailey, and other celebrity liver patients of the past year probably have enlarged the ranks of Americans carrying donor cards, authorizing use of their organs after death, and that is good. But an applause meter is a crude device for rationing a limited supply of vital organs.

So last year Representative Albert Gore Jr., a bright and ambitious young Democrat (and now a candidate for the Tennessee Senate seat being vacated by Republican leader Howard Baker), led a Congressional foray into the thicket of medical economics, bioethics, federal health policy, and pure old politics that surrounds the issue of organ transplants. His series of sporadic hearings concluded in November and resulted in a legislative proposal to enhance and regulate the exchange of human organs, a seemingly modest idea that has raised the righteous ire of the Reagan Administration and the American Medical Association.

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On the question of how to make more organs available for transplant, two provocative remedies define the range of the debate. At one extreme is a proposal called "presumed consent," which means that when a person enters the condition known as brain death, his guts are up for grabs, unless he or his next of kin have registered specific objections. Organs may be seized without permission in autopsy cases, advocates point out, so why not pass a law allowing them to be seized for humanitarian purposes? Much of Europe already recognizes "presumed consent" as a form of eminent domain. American politicians, however, rightly sense that their constituents would violently object to it as a kind of trespass, and so the idea has no champions in Congress. Americans have read enough MAN, DEAD SIX HOURS, SITS UP stories to be squeamish about opening a body while the organs are still fresh.

AT THE OPPOSITE extreme is the idea of letting a commercial market in human organs solve the supply-and-demand imbalance. Presumed consent is a respectable topic in medical circles. Not so the market solution. One reason there is not now a market in kidneys is that leading medical societies have announced they will expel any physician who participates.

The most notorious proponent of organ selling is Dr. Barry Jacobs, a defrocked physician (he lost his Virginia license after a Medicare mail-fraud conviction), who says he wants to go into business as an organ broker. Jacobs would offer a bounty to kidney donors. The money would be paid on the spot in the case of living donors, which is possible with kidneys, or willed to the heirs if the organs are collected after death. If this fails to alleviate the American organ shortfall, Jacobs is prepared to harvest the Third World, an idea that University of Maryland philosophy professor Samual Gorovitz describes as "the plundering of peasants' parts for profit."

Jacobs's idea has its supporters, although no politicians will touch it. Dr. Marvin Brams, a public policy professor at the University of Delaware, advocates a trial run to see if a commercial market can succeed in supplementing the inadequate altruistic system. Peter Dobrovitz, a kidney patient from Rochester, New York, who testified at one of Gore's hearings, argued with a trace of cynicism that Jacobs's proposal to strip-mine the morgues of Calcutta is only different in degree from the profiteering that already goes on in the mercenary world of medicine.

Indeed, one unpleasant subtext to Gore's hearings was the suggestion that the profit motive already distorts the rationing of human organs. For example, there is episodic evidence that some hospitals have moved up well-to-do foreign patients on their kidney waiting lists, knowing that the hospitals can extract more money than they can from Americans covered by Medicare. (Medicare pays for all kidney transplants, but only reimburses about 80 percent of the bill.) At Washington Hospital Center, half of the donated kidneys go to Saudis, who flock to American hospitals because Moslem law forbids tampering with the dead. (England, by the way, reportedly avoids this problem with a sort of domestic content statute. Organs salvaged in British hospitals must be installed in British subjects.)

The opposition to organ selling unites liberals and conservatives on common ground, at the limits of their respective convictions. This is where conservatives draw the line on the free market system, and where liberals lose faith in the individual's freedom to control his or her own body. Senators Edward M. Kennedy and Orrin Hatch, who rarely agree on anything, are among the co-sponsors of a bill placing a ban on organ sales.

The objections are often visceral, as it were. "I choke on it," said David Sundwall, a physician employed as an aide to Senator Hatch, when asked what is wrong with an organ market. Sundwall referred an interviewer to the pulp novel, *Coma*, in which fiendish hospital administrators induce coma in otherwise healthy patients so that their bodies can be looted for an illicit transplant market.

More to the point, opponents argue that organ selling cheapens life. They say it would induce sellers to lie about their medical histories, as do sellers of blood plasma, resulting in a higher incidence of contamination in commercial blood. They contend, too, that a bidding war over body parts would be unjust, since it would deny the poor equal access to health care.

Besides the moral arguments against an organ market, there is an economic one: that it might well raise the cost of organs without doing much to increase the supply. People who now donate organs for altruistic reasons might demand payment instead, or, convinced that the market was taking care of things, they might decline to part with their organs at all. The elasticity of supply and demand may not apply in the emotionally charged atmosphere of a hospital waiting room, where the next of kin are considering how to dispose of Mom.

The political bickering over what the government should do about the organ shortfall takes place well inside the extreme boundaries of commercial sales and presumed consent, but the nature of the argument is much the same: private enterprise versus government intervention.

GORE SIDES with government. His bill is not exactly socialized medicine, but it does impose a measure of federal order on a system that seems to be seriously flawed. Besides banning the sale and purchase of human organs—an afterthought that has greatly enhanced the bill's political appeal—Gore proposes a system of federal grants to link up the existing, gerrymandered system of organ procurement agencies, thus creating a larger pool in which to match fresh organs with suitable recipients. There are about one hundred fifty agencies of varying size and competence now. Gore's bill would appoint the Health and Human Services Department to single out the best in each region, and reward them for establishing themselves as liaisons between the hospitals that are the source of organs and the transplant centers. The department would finance a computer network for matching do-

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nors and potential recipients, and would place a premium on making the fullest possible use of an available cadaver.

Gore by and large ducks the delicate question of who should pay the astronomical cost of a transplant. Aside from kidney patients, who long ago lobbied a special entitlement into the Medicare program, organ transplants usually are not covered by federal insurance programs. But this is not an auspicious time for advocating massive new health-care programs at federal expense, and in the area of organs, policymakers are haunted by the memory of the kidney dialysis program, which started small and grew into a $2 billion a year drain on Medicare's troubled trust fund.

Gore's legislation only slightly broadens the federal insurance coverage of transplant surgery. At the same time, it limits the proliferation of costly facilities where transplant surgery can be performed at federal expense. The bill would empower the federal government to designate a limited number of centers where high-cost surgery is demonstrably expert and efficient. This is the provision that most offends the A.M.A., and is potentially the most radical reform in the legislation. Federal insurance programs, which now must pay for insured procedures everywhere, or nowhere, would be more selective, and private insurers presumably would follow the Medicare imprimatur. And Gore's bill, to the alarm of A.M.A. lobbyists, does not limit this new authority to transplants. Medicare would acquire new power enabling it to refuse to subsidize the spread of glamorous, high-tech medicine to every prestige-conscious hospital.

CONSIDERING the camera appeal of young liver patients dandled on Congressional laps, Gore's bill is one of a limited number given good prospects of passing Congress this election year. (Somehow, the legislative process moves much slower when the issue is, say, prenatal care for pregnant, low-income teenagers, but that is another story.) But the bill will not slide through Congress without an outcry from the Reagan Administration. Gore partisans suspect that the vehement White House opposition grows less from a distaste for the bill than from a distaste for ambitious young Democratic Senate candidates, but the objections seem to be genuinely ideological. The Administration may not be ready for a free market in organs (although they oppose Gore's approach as well, saying the issue should be left to the states), but Administration officials believe the private sector will eventually solve the problem.

As an alternative to Gore's approach, the Health and Human Services Department has given $100,000, no strings attached, to start up a private umbrella group, the American Council on Transplantation, which is supposed to design improvements in the organ donation and procurement system. The White House has promised to help raise private funds to underwrite the council's operation. The council's first steps have been shaky. Dr. Oscar Salvatierra, president of the American Society of Transplant Surgeons and a strong backer of Gore's bill, withdrew from A.C.T.'s interim governing board because of what he felt was an odor of partisanship. Other members of the group say privately they are watching the White House connection with suspicion. Dr. Edward N. Brandt Jr., assistant health secretary, staunchly denies that the council's participants are "in any way puppets." Brandt sums up the Administration philosophy this way: "I just do not believe that direct government involvement in the procurement of organs will necessarily improve the system any further."

One Administration official who apparently has been granted immunity from this principle is Michael Batten, a Presidential aide who cheerfully describes his little corner of the White House as "the body shop." Batten is the Reagan minion in charge of arranging Presidential acts of mercy for the piteous, usually well-publicized little victims of liver disease. He boasted to Barbara L. Harris of *The Oakland Tribune* that he had commandeered military jets to make organ deliveries, lobbied private insurers, and twisted arms at state Medicaid offices to arrange payment for surgery that the federal government officially classified as "experimental." "Do this one for the Gipper," he told Air Force officials when they resisted his plea to transport a little boy to Tennessee for liver surgery. They did.

Batten's efforts have won the White House a tidy little collection of newspaper clippings with headlines like WHITE HOUSE INTERVENES TO GET MOM A TRANSPLANT (*New Haven Register*). "Sure," Batten told Harris, "it's politics of the first order. It's whoever can get to the White House, whoever can use the media." In an interview with *The New England Journal of Medicine*, Batten described his activities as "events in search of a policy."

President Reagan himself, a notorious soft touch, has been unable to resist the urge to dress up as Marcus-Welby-in-chief. One Saturday last July he devoted his weekly radio broadcast to a public appeal for a liver donor to save the life of eleven-month-old Ashley Bailey of Clyde, Texas. "Time is running out . . . an Air Force jet is standing ready . . . Have a pencil ready, I'll give you a phone number in just a few seconds." What's more, the President announced approvingly, the Texas and federal Medicaid programs had agreed to help finance the surgery. (He neglected to mention that this was the only time, then or since, that the Texas Medicaid system has approved payment for a liver transplant. That took a special act of the state legislature, induced by merciless media attention and a nudge from Batten.)

The Bailey girl died in November for lack of a suitable donor, but Reagan's gesture endures as a signal of what he thinks government's role should be in this business. The message seems to be that, as Ed Meese might put it, the evidence of government involvement should be anecdotal.

BILL KELLER

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Raúl Alfonsín removes the noose of terror.

ARGENTINA'S DEMOCRATIC MIRACLE

BY ROBERT COX

ON DECEMBER 10 I entered the Casa Rosada, the headquarters of the government of Argentina, for the first time since 1979, the year I left Buenos Aires with my wife and five children, just a step ahead of the murder squads. The comic-opera setting had not changed. The San Martin Grenadiers stood like chocolate soldiers, wearing blue uniforms with red piping, riding boots of sumptuous black leather, and improbable shakos, the ceremonial plumed hats worn by the elite guard. But everything else at the Casa Rosada—and in the country—had been transformed. I sat on one of two hundred or so fragile gilt chairs packed into the dazzling Salon Blanco for the swearing in of Raúl Alfonsín, the first freely and fairly elected civilian president in half a century. General Reynaldo Bignone, the last military president, was shaking, and his face was ashen. At the culmination of the ceremony, General Bignone placed the sash of office over Alfonsín's head—an awkwardly intimate procedure, almost like an embrace.

General Bignone's participation in Alfonsín's inauguration was mercifully short. He left by a side door, a frightened man in a dark civilian suit. "*Asesino, asesino,*" screamed a group of people who recognized him, but the crowd was too happy that day to turn vicious. Within a month he was under arrest, confined to a military base, charged with responsibility for the "disappearance" of two young army conscripts under his command.

Many people were surprised that Bignone could be implicated in the military's murder machine. President Alfonsín himself said that he was sorry there were charges against General Bignone, who, although merely acting for the military junta formed by the three armed forces commanders, had called for the elections that brought him to power. The new American ambassador, Frank Ortiz, had called on General Bignone to congratulate him only a few days before he handed power over to Alfonsín. If anyone could be a Mr. Clean, it was the gray-haired general, the kind of man you'd meet on a train and go away thinking, "What a nice fellow."

Sitting in the Casa Rosada, I remembered how he had looked when I last saw him, in August 1979. He held the title of secretary general of the army, a post created to handle political affairs, and was reputed to be the regime's most moderate and most democratically minded officer. He had invited me and two of my colleagues on the staff of the *Buenos Aires Herald* to the army headquarters building, which towers over the Casa Rosada. It was the latest move in a sustained campaign to silence us, a campaign which had so far included routine death threats, a short spell for me in jail, and other forms of harassment and attempts to discredit the newspaper. General Bignone appeared gracious, kind, and concerned. The economy was booming, there was no opposition to *El Proceso*, as the military called its regime (Kafka was not required reading at the War College); and it looked as if the armed forces would remain in office forever. Bignone had been described to me as a cut above the average Argentine army general in intelligence and as a man of supreme confidence who carried his ambition lightly and expected to be president one day.

We had been summoned to discuss the *Herald*'s irritating concern about "human rights." Alone among the entire Argentine press, the *Herald*, a 107-year-old, English-language newspaper with a circulation of sixteen thousand, consistently published reports in its news columns on the military regime's predilection for "disappearing" people. The *Herald* was a lone voice calling for a return to rule of law and for recognition of the Mothers of Plaza de Mayo. These brave women risked their lives by keeping a silent vigil in the main square outside the Casa Rosada every Thursday afternoon, their way of demanding information about their abducted children. During the first three years of military rule, the existence of the mothers and of other embryonic human rights organizations was ignored, and even denied, by the entire Argentine media—with the exception of the *Herald*.

Lunch was a gentlemanly affair. Argentine whiskey was served before the meal, and the fine food was served in subtly elegant club-like surroundings. However, if the intention was to seduce us into joining the military's performing seals, General Bignone had made a mistake in his choice of guests: sitting directly across the table from me was a general I knew to be a notorious torturer. After we had finished eating, Bignone and two of the other officers claimed that they shared our concern about human rights violations. When he said he was skeptical about our claims that some groups in the military were still abducting people and holding them in clandestine prisons, I listed a

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spate of recent abductions. Bignone promised to investigate them. He admitted that "excesses" had been committed by the armed forces, but said that they had all taken place in the past and had been provoked by terrorism. He told us of his own narrow escape from death when left-wing terrorists exploded a bomb at his home—a favorite story of his.

Shortly after that lunch, the threats against my family and me intensified. In September 1979, Jacobo Timerman was freed after two-and-a-half years as a captive of the military; he was expelled from Argentina and stripped of his citizenship and all of his property except an apartment and an ancient Peugeot. That same week a group of thugs driving the usual Ford Falcons came to get me, but I was not at home. I left the country for a week, returning with guarantees from General Jorge Rafael Videla, Argentina's president at the time, that I would be safe. I was eventually forced out again three weeks later through an intimidation campaign against my family that culminated in an extraordinarily sadistic death threat letter sent to my youngest son, Peter, who was then 12 years old. He was warned to tell us all to leave Argentina before Christmas or we would be killed.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

We left Argentina with two suitcases each. I thought we would be back within a month or so. Before my departure I had been granted a private audience with General Videla, who had assured me that he was determined to bring the violence under control. The story that we had to believe in order to go on fighting for decency in Argentina was that General Videla and those in key positions under him, like General Bignone, were "moderates" struggling to control the "extremists" within the armed forces. General Videla told me he did not think that armed service officers would actually kill any of us, although we could expect continued threats and harassment. He said he was worried that left-wing subversives would kill us in such a way that the government would be blamed. It would be better for us to leave. Indeed, he himself would like to retire, he told me. But he could not leave the presidency, because then some general would take over and flood the country in blood.

When we were living in the United States, we learned more, from a disillusioned colleague—an editor who had been both a friend and supporter of the country's military rulers. He told me that at an elegant dinner party the evening after our departure, General Carlos Suárez Mason (then the commander of the Argentine army's most powerful garrison and now a fugitive) had raised his glass in a celebratory toast and boasted of his cleverness in sending a death threat to my son as a way of ridding himself of me. We even learned the name of the colonel who had drawn up a plan to "disappear" me in such a way that the *Montoneros*, the Peronist guerrilla organization, would appear to be responsible.

In June 1982, General Bignone became president, but under conditions that were far from what he had hoped they would be. Because of his supposed political acumen, the junta appointed him to the job after Argentina's defeat in the Falklands, when the military government had fallen into abject disgrace. General Bignone's task was to try to arrange a deal with the politicians that would allow the military to slink away from the responsibility of government without giving up any of their power or privileges. My successor at the *Herald* wrote to me when Bignone took office. He said he thought it was a good sign, but he wasn't certain. Bignone seemed as affable as ever, he said, recalling our lunch with him. But perhaps that was what evil was, he continued. Someone who seemed so nice and normal—so unaffected by the horrors he must have known were going on.

In deciding to call elections, the armed forces had never contemplated surrender. It was simply a way of defusing

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THE COST OF QUIET DIPLOMACY

Buenos Aires

Alfredo Bravo was teaching an adult education class in the city of La Plata on the night of September 8, 1977, when he was abducted at gunpoint by Argentine security forces. Bravo was then secretary general of the country's largest teachers' union and president of the Permanent Assembly on Human Rights. For thirteen days he was held at a clandestine detention center, where he was tortured and continuously beaten. In those days, La Plata, a college town and the capital of the country's most populous province, was a focal point for the repression by the Argentine military against leftist guerrillas and other dissidents.

Bravo says now he would have been killed if not for the diplomacy of President Jimmy Carter. Shortly after he was kidnapped, the leaders of virtually all the countries of North and South America met in Washington for the signing of the Panama Canal Treaty. Bravo says he later learned that during the ceremony Carter produced a telegram from the Permanent Assembly which voiced strong objections to his disappearance. Carter took aside Argentina's President, retired general Jorge R. Videla, and importuned him "to take care of this for me." A few days later Bravo reappeared at a police jail. He is now a top education official in Argentina's new government, appointed last December by an old friend—President Raúl Alfonsín.

Today everyone expresses admiration for Argentina's reborn democracy. Carter and Reagan would each say that his policies were designed to achieve just such a result. And yet those policies were radically different—Carter's stressing open sympathy with human rights groups critical of the military government, Reagan's relying on good relations with the military rulers and on "quiet diplomacy" on behalf of the victims of repression. Which of them was more effective?

Both Alfonsín and Bravo acclaim the Carter Administration for letting human rights activists here know they were not alone; for putting the military on warning about rights violations; and, most importantly, for saving hundreds, if not thousands, of lives. In contrast, Alfonsín has criticized Reagan's policy as "more a defense of capitalism than a defense of democracy." Bravo is more direct: while the military was in power, he says, "we couldn't expect anything from this Administration."

The repression reached its height during the Carter years. Small, vulnerable human rights groups looked to the U.S. Embassy for help. The embassy staff probed disappearances, visited the imprisoned, and petitioned the military. When one rights group was infiltrated by Argentine military intelligence, it was the embassy that tipped it off. In Carter's first year in office, U.S. military aid was reduced from $34 million to less than $1 million.

The Reagan Administration changed all of that. Reagan appointed Jeane Kirkpatrick—whose academic specialty had been Argentine politics—U.S. ambassador to the U.N. She was one of the most outspoken opponents of the Carter approach, saying that his "deliberate slights and insults . . . helped delegitimize" the Argentina government and make it less open to U.S. influence. Alfonsín and others watched with dismay as contacts between human rights groups and the U.S. Embassy were sharply curtailed, and as the new Administration warmed to military presidents Roberto Viola and Leopoldo Galtieri.

In the Falklands war in April 1982, the Administration supported Britain, not the military. But after the war, the embassy increased its efforts to win back the favor of the generals. When the beleaguered military announced in the summer of 1982 that it was planning to return power to the civilians, embassy officials immediately began pushing for a resumption of arms sales (banned since 1978 as a result of human rights violations) as a "good faith" gesture. Many observers saw the pressure as a sign that the United States expected the military to have an important future political role, and that democracy was not a safe bet. Congressional opposition deterred the Administration, already preoccupied with Central America, from resuming the arms aid. At the same time, Emilio Mignone, the president of the Center for Legal and Social Studies, Argentina's foremost human rights group, was lectured by a senior diplomat at the embassy, who said that Mignone's work was jeopardizing the elections by provoking a hard-line military response, and that the triumph of the Peronist party—which was supported by the military high command—would favor American interests.

Even after Alfonsín's decisive victory last October, the Administration continued to fumble. In November Robert Schweitzer, a high-ranking official of the Inter-American Defense Board, slipped into Argentina to meet with top military officers. The new constitutional rulers were not informed he was here, and they were livid. A U.S. inauguration "present"—lifting the arms ban—did not help. Alfonsín aides had repeatedly said arms purchases were not a top priority.

The Administration can argue that "quiet diplomacy" is, by definition, undertaken without fanfare and therefore its degree of success cannot be precisely measured. Yet the Argentine case suggests that those in a position to know do not believe the Reagan policy works. Mignone says, "Carter's policy had an enormous influence. It saved lives and helped create the conditions for the restoration of democracy. The same cannot be said for the more complacent Reagan approach. . . . If Reagan had been President in 1977 rather than Carter, there is no doubt the Argentine genocide would have reached far greater proportions." Significantly, Reagan's Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights, Elliott Abrams, was not invited to Alfonsín's inauguration ceremony. His predecessor under the Carter Administration, Patricia Derian, was.

MARTIN ANDERSEN

Martin Andersen writes for *Newsweek* in Argentina and Uruguay.

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public anger over the disgrace the military had brought upon Argentina. Argentines had witnessed not only the military's bungling of the Falklands war but also its savage treatment of its own soldiers, many of whom were roughed up just as if they had been suspects in the so-called "dirty war" against subversion. But the election strategy failed. The military had assumed all along that the Peronists would win, just as they had won every election they had been allowed to contest since their movement was born forty years ago. And Peronism, after all, has always been an extension of militarism. (Juan Perón himself was an army man. His proudest day came in 1973, when, after his rank had been restored to him upon his return to Argentina from eighteen years in exile, he donned his flashy general's uniform.) A deal had been worked out with the Peronist trade union leaders, who dominate the Justicialist Party. The Justicialists bring together the three branches of the Peronist movement—two separate political organizations for men and women, plus organized labor. In return for military support, the Peronists agreed not to prosecute the military commanders for violations of human rights, or to purge the armed forces.

CROWD CELEBRATING ALFONSÍN'S INAUGURATION, DECEMBER 10, 1983
PHOTO BY ALAIN MINGAM (GAMMA)

The military had certainly not reckoned with a victory by the Radicals, the detested party that the army had turned out of office twice, in 1930 and in 1966. The Radicals emerged at the turn of the century as the party of the middle class and were overtaken in the 1940s by the Peronists, who won the allegiance of the newly emerged working class. Right up until the election smart Argentines considered the Radicals to be mediocre bourgeois has-beens. One of the major surprises of the election was the support Alfonsín received from the hard-core Peronist workers in the industrial belt around Buenos Aires. For the first time they rejected the strong-arm tactics of the Peronist trade union leadership.

The massive popular vote that Alfonsín won at the polls gave the generals no alternative but to accept the new president as commander-in-chief, a title that no civilian president before him has emphasized or, for that matter, exercised with any confidence. No other candidate could have been harder for the armed forces to accept. Before becoming a lawyer and entering politics, Alfonsín had been an army cadet himself, sharing a bunk with Albino Harguindeguy, who would go on to become a general and an interior minister in the military government, and who would earn a reputation for bullying and cruelty. (Harguindeguy was publicly exposed as a grafter when his wife sued for divorce and demanded half of the million or so dollars he had stashed away in a Swiss bank account.) I remember mentioning my admiration for Alfonsín to Harguindeguy in 1978. He spat out his reply, using the insulting diminutive of Alfonsín's Christian name, as he described "Raulito" as "an enemy of the armed forces."

To the contrary, Alfonsín's writings since the armed forces marched into the Casa Rosada on March 24, 1976, have been concerned with saving the military by reestablishing it as a democratic institution, which would then carry out its proper constitutional functions. Alfonsín's unrevolutionary radicalism is rooted in his parents' yeoman stock. Immigrants from Spain, they settled in Chascamus, a country town on the *pampa* southwest of Buenos Aires. They built a general store into a moderately prosperous family business supplying local farmers. Although he is a lawyer by profession, he has practiced politics—not law—all his life, and has managed, during Argentina's short interludes of democracy, to be elected successively as a town councillor, provincial senator, national deputy, and finally president.

Alfonsín's election was an unexpected triumph for democracy, which left the military naked in terms of honor and respect. But, as all Argentines were well aware, although the armed forces had been defeated, they

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still held "*los fierros*" (the hardware—or, in plain English, the guns). And as long as anyone could remember, having "*los fierros*" had been all that mattered in Argentine politics. The military commanders also sought to retain their immense economic power. Before Alfonsín's inauguration, his economic team sought agreement from the military to transfer to civilian ownership the nonmilitary factories that the armed forces have acquired over the years, and to reassert the civilian government's control over all state-owned enterprises. The economists encountered entrenched resistance. The armed forces, in calling elections, had hoped to avert precisely such a capitulation. Their huge industrial empire includes vast land holdings and factories that produce products from dentist drills to pickup trucks. They supervise the state-owned airlines and airports as well as shipping companies, seaports, and customs. They traditionally maintain control of the state-owned oil company, steel plants, petrochemical complexes, and mining interests. Altogether, the armed forces run a gigantic business enterprise, accounting for almost half of Argentina's gross national product. Alfonsín is still trying to dismantle this empire. He is working within the law, which has aroused some grudging respect from his opponents but has meant that progress will be slow.

THREE DAYS before Alfonsín's inauguration, as I waited to see him, I called an Argentine journalist who works for an American newsmagazine. "Do you remember," she said, "when we used to round up the politicians for visiting journalists, and Alfonsín would turn up at the Plaza Hotel in a dirty raincoat, with his suit all crumpled and smudged with cigarette ash? Who'd have ever thought he would be president?"

When I went in to see Alfonsín, he was holding his thirteenth grandchild in his arms. He was the same warm, decent man, the same convinced democrat, the same stickler for the law. But as Argentines discovered as they watched his campaign, something had happened to him. He had become the person who seemed able to save Argentina. The transformation he personifies is little short of miraculous. Few countries are granted a second chance at history. But today Argentina can pick up the democratic tradition which was broken in 1930 when a coup, sparked almost accidentally by army cadets, deposed the Radical administration headed by the ailing President Hipólito Yrigoyen. Argentina had enjoyed continuous democratic rule for sixty-eight years until the coup of September 1930. Ever since then, the military has cast its shadow over the country.

In dealing with the armed forces, Alfonsín has acted so far with both courage and restraint. I had expected him to order the arrest of all the armed forces commanders on the Monday after his inauguration. But he has eschewed confrontation. He has cut deeply down into the command structure of all three services, forcing the retirement of scores of top officers. He initially restricted arrests to the nine men who served as members of the three juntas which ruled Argentina from the coup of March 24, 1976, to the Falklands defeat. In January he ordered the detention of the former police chief of Buenos Aires, army general Ramon Camps, who has boasted in interviews with the press that he personally ordered the deaths of thousands of people, justifying the slaughter as necessary to break the terrorism that struck Argentina in the early 1970s.

PRESIDENT ALFONSÍN did not include in the arrest order the three commanders who formed the junta after the Falklands defeat and who decided to hold elections. Unlike Bignone, they have so far not been the subject of criminal investigations by civilian judges. But scores of other officers have been summoned to appear, under protest, in civilian court. After a number of the accused officers were menaced by angry crowds outside the courts, they began turning up with bodyguards, and several pitched battles ensued. It was, perhaps, the threat to constitutional government which could be sensed in the attitude of some of these rebellious officers that made Alfonsín take a conciliatory step that has cost him the support of many of his previous colleagues in the human rights movement. He quickly sent legislation to congress designed to ensure that all military personnel charged with crimes up to December 10, 1983, be tried by military courts. The same law rescinds this privilege for all crimes committed after that date. The government's public argument is that those responsible for, in Alfonsín's words, "sowing terror" when the military was in power should be tried according to the law in force at the time. The law then protected members of the military from appearing before civilian courts. Privately, members of the government admit that they do not want the military to feel cornered like a wild beast.

Alfonsín has challenged the military commanders to redeem themselves. Can they make themselves democratic? By placing the prosecution of those charged with "dirty war" crimes in the hands of the armed forces themselves, Alfonsín either has carried out a political masterstroke or, as many people in the human rights movement believe, has made a fatal political mistake. Many think that the military must be beaten into submission to civilian authority, and that this could have been achieved immediately after Alfonsín took office simply by applying the law. They fear not only that the military judges will let their comrades off lightly but also that the armed forces will see Alfonsín's decision not to subject them to civilian authority as a sign of weakness and an invitation to stage an eventual coup. The bill that finally emerged from congress establishes obligatory review by civilian judges of the sentences passed by the military on itself.

Alfonsín, who has consistently stressed that there is nothing more important than the reestablishment of rule of law in Argentina, has acted with impartiality in bringing justice to those responsible for Argentina's descent into hell throughout the 1970s. He has ordered the arrest of the

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leaders of the terrorist groups responsible for the murder of some eight hundred people (after which the military claimed anywhere from twelve thousand to thirty-five thousand lives in vengeance). Brazil has been asked to extradite Mario Firmenich, the leader of the *Montoneros*, who until his arrest on the request of the Argentine government had been living in an apartment overlooking Ipanema Beach in Rio De Janeiro.

Alfonsín has recognized that the primary source of Argentina's ills is moral. When he was elected leader of the Radicals last July, establishing the supremacy of the party's left-of-center social democratic wing he leads, he said: "When a country which once fed the world with its wheat is drowning in immorality and poverty; when a country which was free closes a noose of terror around its frontiers; when a country which signified life for the millions who came here kills its own children—then we have touched rock bottom. Only moral force can save us. With it we can create a new political system, a new society. It is that moral force that we can invoke in the fight for democracy. It is with that moral force that we will win. And Argentina will, once again, be a country of life."

For once in Argentina, the rhetoric had meaning. It remade "Raulito" and carried a meteoric campaign to an overwhelming 52 percent majority at the polls. It swept away the pretense that has clothed fifty years of decadence and had made people like Bignone and Videla, the capos of the military mafia, appear like "nice fellows." It has given democracy more than half a chance, and it has made daunting problems appear soluble.

Argentines have heard the claim "we have reached rock bottom" many times before—usually as justification for a military coup. But each successive government has proved worse than the one that went before, and Argentina's economic troubles have come to seem bottomless. Perón used to say that his political success was not because his government was so good, but because the others were so bad. With inherited inflation running at over 400 percent annually, the legacy of a foreign debt of $44 billion, and a peso that has been losing half its value approximately every three months, it would seem that Alfonsín cannot fail. He need only do badly instead of disastrously to be judged a success.

ALFONSÍN'S FORTUNES ultimately depend, of course, on whether Argentines have been shaken awake by the terror of the last decade. Today's staunch democrats—it is as hard to find anyone who is not a democrat in Buenos Aires as it was in 1976 to find someone who was opposed to the military—are the same people who watched their neighbors being kidnapped by left-wing terrorists in the first half of the '70s and saw nothing; and who then watched their neighbors being dragged away by thugs in Ford Falcons without license plates and again saw nothing.

On one of our last evenings in Buenos Aires, my wife and I went to the house of a friend who had been one of the military's top civilian technocrats. We sat in his high-walled garden, talking late into a deep velvet night after sharing the everyday family meal of "*asado*"—tender barbecued ribs cut so that the bones are tiny discs running through the heart of thick slabs of beef. His attitude had always been like that of most Argentines: he did not want to know about the methods the military were using as long as he himself was not affected and the economy was doing well. As we ate, he was still unwilling to talk about the past. Perhaps he was concerned about what might happen to the military, and to him.

I described to my friend how, when I first arrived in Buenos Aires a few mornings before Alfonsín's inauguration, I had driven into the heart of the city, past the obelisk that celebrates Argentina's independence. It was the day that hundreds of people who had lost relatives in the "dirty war" were painting life-sized silhouettes of the six thousand known and listed *desparecidos* or the "disappeared." When I had left Argentina three years earlier, the Mothers of Plaza de Mayo were shadowy, ignored figures; the *desparecidos* were unnamed unpeople. I was astonished to see that warmth and love and sympathy had replaced the antagonism, hostility, and indifference. On paper torn from huge rolls of newsprint, parents were sketching the outlines and inscribing the names of their missing children; wives were commemorating their "disappeared" husbands, and husbands their wives; and children were making huge paper dolls of their missing parents. Some of the silhouettes had already been pasted on the base of the obelisk. It was the first time that the reality of six thousand people being routinely tortured and then systematically killed—their bodies disposed of like garbage, buried in unmarked plots, burned, or strewn in lakes, rivers, and the sea—had been openly expressed.

My friend's wife said that she had driven past the same plaza on the same day, and had seen nothing. And the mention of the once unmentionable made my friend jump to his feet, visibly angry. "What has happened is that the heroes have become culprits and the culprits have become heroes!" he said. Then he abruptly changed the subject.

But as the bodies of the *desparecidos* are disinterred from dismal burial grounds around Buenos Aires, the past is also disinterred. Much as they may want to, Argentines can no longer drive by the faces of the dead without seeing; they can no longer change the subject. To simply denounce the military and go on with life as usual is to repeat the mistake that permitted the repression: to believe that one bears no personal responsibility for society. Alfonsín's greatest challenge is not simply to force the military to admit its guilt, but to prod all Argentines to acknowledge their complicity in the repression. Without confronting the past in all its horrific dimensions, Argentines may once again watch the promising future turn into a nightmare and refuse to understand why.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Reminders

The maker of documentary film has an advantage over the maker of fiction film. When the latter gets a good idea, he has only begun the beginning of his work. When the documentary maker gets a good idea, he's a large part of the way home. The choice of a good fiction subject, no matter how competent the filmmaker, guarantees him nothing.

The World of Tomorrow
(Media Study/Buffalo)

Blame It on Rio
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

Crackers
(Universal)

But the equally competent nonfiction filmmaker who finds a good subject really has to run off the rails to spoil the result.

Tom Johnson and Lance Bird are good makers of documentaries who choose good subjects. *The Hard Chargers* is the best film I know about stock car racing—in itself and because it's enlightening about a segment of American life. *America Lost and Found* is a vivid statement about the Depression years. But for fertility, Johnson and Bird's latest subject is the best of theirs that I know. *The World of Tomorrow* (presented by the Film Forum in New York) is about the New York World's Fair of 1939-1940. Obviously Johnson and Bird did not merely lean back and watch the picture assemble itself once they got the idea; everything they have learned about making such films, plus the talent they began with, went into the project. But they must have known from the start that they had struck a rich lode, that all (all!) they had to do was mine it carefully and refine the ore, and they were headed for treasure.

The lode was rich for at least three reasons. The Fair was (I believe) an untouched film subject; the pictorial resources were large; the historical moment has an integral, extraordinarily moving poignancy. "The World of Tomorrow" was the official slogan of the Fair when it opened in 1939; because of what then happened in the world of 1939, the slogan next year was changed to "For Peace and Freedom." The very need to change the slogan crystallizes the poignancy. Through the late 1930s the Fair had been planned as a Great Leap Forward made visible and entertaining. All the participating nations subscribed to that idea, and all the participating American corporations showed us what their products would do for a future America. The most memorable of the corporate exhibits was the General Motors Futurama, for which, at any given moment, hordes of people waited in thick serpentine lines. But the Fair was not so much overtaken by the events of 1939 as trivialized by them. The Fair was not a success even in its first year, despite the incessant publicity. Initially there had been dreams of its becoming a permanent exhibition, but by 1940, when the management was changed, the directors evidently felt grateful to limp through one more quasi-apologetic year.

Much that I remember is included in the Johnson-Bird film. For me, the two notable omissions are the Globe Theater, where highly compacted versions of Shakespeare plays were done all day long, and the French Pavilion, which contained an ornate, one-legged piano. But, for a few examples, we see the Fair's insignia, the trylon and perisphere (inspiration for bawdy jokes); the huge worker-hero, atop the U.S.S.R. building, holding aloft a star; the maritime building with twin prows as portals; the feeling of a spun-sugar city as refuge from reality. We get clips of promotional films about the Fair, glimpses of visiting celebrities, from the King and Queen of England to Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, from Ethel Merman (a pang) to Henry Ford (no pang), and much of Mayor LaGuardia to remind us of the days when New York felt like a town. Prominent through 1939 is the first head of the Fair, Grover Whalen, who was New York's official greeter of distinguished visitors. That New York should once have had such an official is a wry memory.

My contemporaries will see *The World of Tomorrow* as a seventy-eight-minute souvenir. Younger people can see it as a historical moment made three-dimensional, a moment when the national afflatus, shaken by World War I and the Depression, was bracing for another shock. Both sorts of viewers will relish John Crowley's commentary, which is written with sensitivity but no gush, perception but no hindsight wisdom, and which is unusually well spoken by Jason Robards. I have never heard the last stanza of Arnold's "Dover Beach" quoted to better effect than at the end of this film.

This is the moment to praise Stanley Donen. The co-director of *Singin' in the Rain*, the sole director of *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* and *Funny Face* has fallen on schlock days. His recent pictures, from *Lucky Lady* (1975) to his latest, are deplorable. This fact can't be evaded, but it's not the only fact about Donen.

His new picture, *Blame it on Rio*, is not

FILMS WORTH SEEING

And the Ship Sails On. Fellini's exquisite allegory about Europe in 1914, symbolized by the strange voyage of a luxury liner carrying the ashes of an opera diva. (Reviewed 2/13/84)

Dear Maestro. Rivalry between two Italian conductors, 40, throws light on men's hierarchy of values. Fine work. (2/6/84)

Entre Nous. Diane Kurys's account of her father and mother and her mother's woman friend, though it skirts a deep moral issue, is superbly made. (2/27/84)

Tender Mercies. Back again. Exceptionally fine script (Horton Foote), direction (Bruce Beresford), acting (Robert Duvall and the others). A Texas singer, down and out—and after. (4/11/83)

SK

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entirely new—it's one more remake. The original was a French film called *One Wild Moment* (TNR, March 14, 1981). Nowhere in the credits of Donen's picture is this source mentioned, though the phrase "one wild moment" occurs in the dialogue. That dialogue, by Charlie Peters and Larry Gelbart, has some electric-typewriter briskness, but the revisions of the original plot, which was by Claude Berri, are disastrous.

In Berri's film, two men in their 40s share a seaside cottage for a few weeks, each man accompanied by his teenage daughter. During the holiday, Father One, who is divorced, slips into an affair with the daughter of Father Two. This is comic until the affair becomes a quite serious involvement for both the man and the girl; nothing is fixed at the end, but marriage is not ruled out. The film has (quoting myself) "the time-pathos of all age-distanced relationships: because we aren't the same age, we can't possibly have our whole lives together, but if we were the same age, we might not feel the way we do, might not even have been attracted to each other."

Donen and his writers weren't interested in anything so subtle, weren't interested in any real emotion at all. They were concerned only with the farcical and titillating, blanketed with moralistic copout. Donen's Father One is married; Father Two is the one who is divorced and, we learn, has had an affair with the wife of One. So One is "punished" for his escapade—which is all it is here—with the daughter of Two. What had been a touching little comedy-drama has been changed into a male-menopausal fantasy.

From the opening montage of Rio, where they have all gone for their holiday, we know we're in for weariness. The only pleasure in the film comes from the performance by Michael Caine as Father One. Caine seems able to be true and appealing even when a film is falling about him in tatters—as many of his films do.

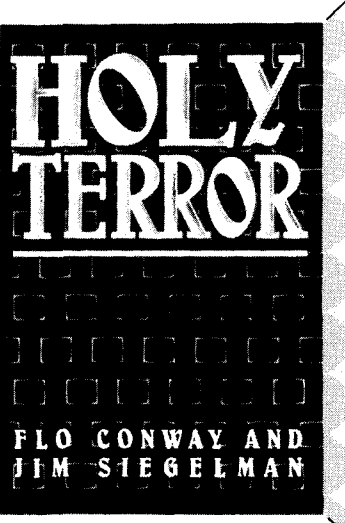
Still, let's remember that Donen has given us some good ones.

And let's remember that Louis Malle very rarely has. Malle's work, almost always serious up to now, has almost always been blatantly overrated. Now that he attempts a comedy, with no free ride on grave themes, his lack of ability shines forth.

He too has done an American remake

Intimidation, manipulation, and control in the name of religion is really

And it's a problem *all* Americans must face before fundamentalists and ultraconservative politicians go any further in abrogating our guaranteed freedoms in religion, politics, and our private lives.



Flo Conway and Jim Siegelman (authors also of the highly-praised *Snapping*) make very clear how certain groups are using a campaign of fear and intimidation to exploit religion *in what is actually their drive for power.*

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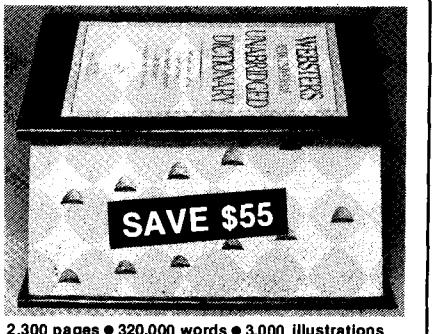

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of a foreign film: *Crackers* is derived from Mario Monicelli's *Big Deal on Madonna Street* (1958), written by that director with three collaborators. (*Crackers* isn't even the first American remake of the Italian film: the first was *Who's Minding the Mint?*, 1967.) It's a "character" farce about a bumbling gang of thieves, so badly done, so crudely edited, so funereally paced and dully written, it's hard to believe that a man of Malle's experience—never mind talent—is responsible.

Donald Sutherland, the robbery planner, is usually like Caine in that he can survive disasters. Not here. He and Jack Warden, usually equally staunch, drop like flies under the Malle malaise.

Beatrice Webb's religion of reform.

SAINT BEATRICE

BY GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

FABIANISM conjures up—if it still conjures up anything at all—an image of the most moderate and prudent form of socialism, so moderate and prudent as hardly to be socialist at all. Founded exactly a century ago and still in existence today, the Fabian Society took its name from the Roman general who kept Hannibal's troops at bay by harassing them without ever engaging them in battle. (His replacement by a more forthright commander led to the rout at Cannae.) For the Fabians that strategy translated itself into the doctrines of "gradualism" and "permeation." Socialism—or "collectivism," as the early Fabians more often put it—would come about as it was already coming about, incrementally, inevitably, by the extension of collectivist controls over one institution after another. And it would come about, again as it was already coming about, not by the direct action of the working class but by a small group of knowledgeable, capable, well-placed people who would permeate the institutions that were the sources of power and initiate the necessary reforms. Compared with other forms of socialism familiar at the time, Marxism and the several varieties of utopianism, Fabianism appears to be eminently pragmatic and pluralist, nonideological and nonutopian, a gentle, safe prescription for a better society.

That benign image has not gone unchallenged. Fabianism has been criticized for being insufficiently socialist, insufficiently democratic, even insufficiently "progressive." In one history of Fabianism the chapter on the early twentieth century is entitled "Fabian 'Aberrances,' " a reference to the predilections of some of the leading Fabians for imperialism, protectionism, and church-controlled education. The term might also have been applied to their opposition to women's suffrage, their aloofness from the trade union movement and the Independent Labour Party, their preference for Conservative rather than Liberal (still less Labour) politicians, and other policies that comport oddly with the popular image of the movement. The recent spate of books by and about the Fabians—and the Webbs in particular, who were their most prominent leaders—obliges us to take more seriously these and other "aberrances"; they were not, it now appears, momentary lapses from grace, perhaps not aberrances at all, but crucial tenets of their creed.

The Diary of Beatrice Webb, Volume I: 1873-1892: "Glitter Around and Darkness Within"; Volume II: 1892-1905: "All the Good Things of Life," edited by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie (Belknap-Harvard University Press, 386 and 376 pp., $25 each)

My Apprenticeship (Cambridge University Press, 429 pp., $33.50)

Our Partnership (Cambridge University Press, 544 pp., $42.50, $13.95 paper)

Beatrice Webb's diaries have long been available to historians and biographers in manuscript, typescript, even published form. But this splendid edition by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie, with its useful introductions and commentaries, makes accessible to a larger public the life and mind of an extraordinary woman. The first volume covers the years 1873-1892, the second 1892-1905, with two more volumes forthcoming. These supplement the three-volume selection of letters published in 1978, as well as recent reprints of Beatrice's autobiography, *My Apprenticeship* and *Our Partnership*, which drew heavily upon the diaries (with, however, some notable omissions). Although the current four-volume edition of the diary is a substantial abridgement of the original, there is enough here to stimulate and satiate all but the most omnivorous scholar.

The biographer of Beatrice Webb, perhaps even her "psychobiographer," is in the unenviable position of having to compete with Beatrice herself. One can add to her account or correct it, but one cannot reproduce the drama and passion of her diaries. When she attributed her "duplex personality" to the conflicting heritage of her parents, one may doubt that they were quite as she portrayed them, but one can have little doubt that they represented for her the source of her own tragically "divided" nature. Her father, Richard Potter, was what would now be called a "venture capitalist," a director and promoter of railway companies and other more speculative enterprises. Scientific-minded, cultivated, sociable, enjoying the luxuries of wealth but sufficiently rooted in the puritan ethic to indulge in them only in moderation, devoted to his wife and nine daughters, he was a model Victorian paterfamilias, although not, perhaps, a typical one. (Beatrice said that he was the only man she knew who genuinely believed women to be superior to men, encouraging among his daughters the most candid discussions of business, politics, religion, literature, even sex—as a result of which, she added, all nine of them were, at least in their younger years, antifeminist, feeling no need of the franchise or any other tokens of equality.)

If her father was preeminently a yea-sayer, her mother was of the classic nay-saying type. The daughter of a

Gertrude Himmelfarb's *The Idea of Poverty* was recently published by Knopf.

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prosperous Liverpool merchant, the only girl in a family of boys and the darling of her widowed father (his name was Lawrence, hers Laurencina), she had intellectual and social ambitions beyond her talents, making her discontented with herself and even more with her family. Deeply religious but also imbued with the utilitarian faith of her father, she imposed upon the household an austere and impersonal regimen. It was especially unfortunate, Beatrice remarked, that a woman having so little liking for other women "was destined to have nine daughters and to lose her only son"—and daughters none of whom was, as she fancied herself, "a scholar and a gentlewoman." Beatrice was her least favorite child, "the only one," her mother wrote in her diary (as quoted by Beatrice in her own autobiography) "who is below the average in intelligence."

"MY MOTHER was cursed with a divided personality; she was not at peace with herself." But in Beatrice's own diary it was she herself who was thus cursed, torn between the conflicting natures bequeathed her by her parents. She identified her mother with her own "nethermost being"—despondent, vain, grasping, doomed to failure, guilty of the "sin of self-consciousness," finding consolation only in a gloomy, ascetic religion.

> Left under the dominion of this personality my natural vocation and destiny was the convent; for in this life the phantom [of her mother] would have been strengthened by religious exaltation, and the nethermost being soothed and deluded with hopes of another world where merit would be regarded by its true worth.

But she was also, in aspiration at least, her father's daughter, confident, unegotistical, pursuing truth and thought without regard for self—"a *realist* in intellectual questions, a rationalist in metaphysics and therefore a sceptic of religion." This she believed to be the happiest and highest part of her Ego. Unfortunately it was not, for much of her early life, the dominant part. Until her marriage at the age of 34, her alter ego prevailed, a creature of exacerbated sensibility, tormented by doubt and guilt, painfully self-conscious, self-critical, and self-absorbed, the victim of a "suicidal constitution." The paternal side of her nature was suppressed because, "alas," it had "its life and origin in my sensual nature: it springs from vigorous senses and keen perceptions." And that "sensual nature" was doomed to be unfulfilled.

> If I were a man, this creature would be free, though not dissolute, in its morals, a lover of women. These feelings would be subordinated to the intellectual and practical interests, but still the strong physical nature upon which the intellectual nature is based would be satisfied. And as I am a woman: these feelings, unless fulfilled in marriage, which would mean destruction of the intellectual being, must remain controlled and unsatisfied, finding their only vent in one quality of the phantom companion of the nethermost personality, religious exaltation.

That *cri de coeur* was uttered in December 1886, after the end of the one great love affair of her life, which was unconsummated but nonetheless passionate. Her autobiography alludes to the "black thread of personal unhappiness" running through these years, the "slough of despond" which engulfed her as a result of her mother's death, her father's invalidism, her anxieties about her work, and that "divided" nature that made her suspect her "egotistical" motives even as she devoted herself to good works. But all of this was incidental, the diary makes clear, to the main cause of her despair, her unrequited love for Joseph Chamberlain. When Beatrice met him in 1883, he was in Gladstone's cabinet, having earlier made his reputation as the mayor of Birmingham, a vigorous proponent of "municipal socialism," one of the leading lights of the Radical wing of the Liberal Party, and perhaps the most effective and popular speaker of the time. He was also a twice-widowed, eminently marriageable man of 47, who saw in Beatrice a good-looking, intelligent, young, but not too young, woman of 25, a suitable wife, political hostess, and mother to his six children. (His oldest daughter Beatrice was only a few years younger than our Beatrice.)

Chamberlain was, we would now say, a sexy politician: bold, unabashedly ambitious, "the master and the darling of his town," as Beatrice discovered when she attended a meeting he addressed in Birmingham. She soon found that he was as domineering in private relations as in public, that his political passions left little room for any other kind of passion, that he required of women what he called "intelligent sympathy" but what she rightly interpreted as "servility." (He informed her

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that he would not tolerate a wife who criticized or "controverted" him, even in private.) She also came to see him as a manipulating and self-serving politician who shamelessly exploited his role as "the people's tribune." Knowing all this about him, she was nevertheless deeply in love with him—and in love too, she confessed, with the aura of power that emanated from him. She rejected his proposal of marriage, then reconsidered it, although he did not actually proffer it again. Neither his marriage nor hers a few years later diminished the memory of her passion or the pain of her loss. For years to come her diary continued to record the "relapses" occasioned by every thought of him, every chance encounter (and there were many such, since their circles overlapped).

All of this is only vaguely alluded to in her autobiography. Appropriately entitled *My Apprenticeship*, that first volume emphasizes the public aspect of her life, her search for a "craft" and a "creed," a craft first as social worker and then as social researcher and writer, and a creed appropriate to that craft, a "Religion of Humanity" that would unite science and religion in the service of mankind. The parallel volume of her diary, by contrast, is preoccupied with her private life and takes its subtitle from this moving passage:

> There is glitter all around me and darkness within, the darkness of blind desire yearning for the light of love. All sympathy is shut from me. I stand alone with my own nature now too strong for me. I clutch desperately at *my duty* to those around me, that last hope for the soul despairing of its own happiness.

With her marriage to Sidney Webb in 1892, Beatrice entered that period commemorated in the second volume of her autobiography as *Our Partnership*, and in the second volume of her diary, in the quotation serving as the subtitle, as "*All the Good Things of Life*." That subtitle should be taken with a touch of irony, for her life with Sidney was not without its equivocations and complications. When she agreed to marry him after much dithering, it was almost as if she was clutching at the "duty" that was the "last hope for the soul despairing of its own happiness." She did not conceal from herself, or from him, the fact that she found him physically unattractive (she spoke of his "tiny tadpole body" and "Jewish nose") and socially déclassé: his "H's were shaky," he had no "savoir-faire," he wore a "most bourgeois black coat shiny with wear," and he was so unacceptable to her father that they delayed their marriage until after his death. When he sent her a photograph of himself, she told him

BEATRICE WEBB, 1891

that it was "too hideous for anything," and requested one of "your *head only*—it is the head only that I am marrying!" She made it clear to him that she did not love him, that the wound of an old love was still open, and that she was marrying him "simply because you are a Socialist and I am a Socialist." "That other man I loved but did not believe in, you I believe in but do not love." In her diary she described her contemplated marriage as "an act of renunciation of self and not of indulgence of self as it would have been in the other case." In her autobiography it appears as a "working comradeship founded in a common faith." To Sidney she spoke of it as a "partnership."

Sidney accepted, perhaps welcomed, marriage on those terms. Only a month before he met Beatrice, he had occasion to congratulate a friend, a member of the Fabian Society, on her engagement to another comrade, and he took the opportunity to give them some unsolicited advice. As individualists, or "anarchists," they had to be wary of indulging their anarchistic impulses in those small private matters that make up four-fifths of life, lest they find it difficult to deal with the larger public matters, the other fifth of life, on properly "collectivist lines." Marriage should be a "mere partnership," with the partners acting "in and for the partnership—except in such spheres as they may severally act in and for larger Committees." He himself, even in his unmarried state, was preeminently a committee man:

> Now my theory of life is to feel at every moment that I am acting as a member of a committee, and for that committee—in some affairs a committee of my own family merely, in others again a committee as wide as the Aryan race. But I aspire *never* to act alone, or for myself. This theoretically combined action involves rules, deliberation, discussion, concert, the disregard of one's own impulses, and in fact is Collectivism or Communism. The contrary habit is logically Anarchism.

This may be taken as the manifesto of their marriage, a long and happy one, as it turned out. The "Webb firm," as Beatrice called it, was itself a "collectivist" society in miniature. She used to describe themselves as belonging to the "B's" of this world—"bourgeois, bureaucratic, and benevolent"—as opposed to the "A's," who were "aristocratic, anarchist, and artistic." Their personal circumstances were eminently suited to the "B" status. Without family to occupy them (they had made a conscious decision not to have children), without artistic, aesthetic, or private interests to distract them, without the need to earn a living (Beatrice's income of £1,000 a year supplemented by Sidney's freelance earnings made it possible for him to resign his position in the Colonial Office), they were free to pursue their common aims: in their case it was at

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least four-fifths of their lives that were conducted on "collectivist lines." The second volume of Beatrice's *Diary* opens with a brief reference to the marriage cermony and the day or two spent sightseeing and reading Amiel's *Journals* ("by way of relieving the preoccupation of the first hours of married life"), and then has them in Dublin getting on with the real work of their honeymoon, which was research on *The History of Trade Unionism*.

THIS BOOK set the pattern of their intellectual partnership: two "second-rate minds," as Beatrice put it, perfectly complementary, producing together what they could not have produced apart. She saw herself as the "investigator," Sidney as the "executor"; in fact he proved to be the more efficient researcher, she the bolder thinker. And as they themselves were complementary, so were their scholarly and political pursuits. They prided themselves on the objectivity of their scholarship, but their subjects and purposes were avowedly political. Their massive tomes on the institutions of local government were meant to provide the scientific analysis necessary for the reorganization of those institutions, just as their multivolumed history of the poor law was an integral part of their campaign for the reform of that law. These works are a tribute to the intellectual resourcefulness and energy of the Webbs, and they remain a useful compendium of primary sources and historical information. But they are hardly the "scientific" history the Webbs professed to write.

The more obviously political part of their lives revolved around the activities of the Fabian Society and their efforts to "permeate" the sources of power. Parliament would have been an obvious base of operations for Sidney, but Beatrice early decided (and candidly told him) that he had not the qualities of a "really big man," and that his talents as a committeeman better qualified him for the London County Council. (He remained in the L.C.C. for almost twenty years, with Beatrice resisting any suggestion that he stand for Parliament. When he did become a member of Parliament in 1922, he proved more effective in committee than on the floor of the House.) They did try to influence Parliament indirectly, however, by writing Royal Commission reports and by "educating" party leaders and government officials. They worked harder at permeating the Conservative Party than the Liberal, partly because the former was in power (and they miscalculated the length of time it would remain in power), and partly because it was ideologically congenial, being less individualistic and more imperialistic than the Liberal Party. (They also cultivated the small group of Liberal Imperialists, the "Limps," as they were called.)

"I could insinuate myself," Beatrice boasted, "into smoking-rooms, business offices, private and public conferences, without rousing suspicion." In fact, her tactics were so obvious and suspicious that "permeation" became a euphemism for manipulation, machination, and downright deception. (H. G. Wells's novel parodying the Webbs was entitled *The New Machiavelli*.) Beatrice was occasionally troubled by the distrust they engendered and by her own enjoyment of political intrigue as if it were a "sport." She consoled herself with the thought that this was the only way anything could be done. "There is no such thing as spontaneous public opinion; it all has to be manufactured from a Centre of Conviction and Energy radiating through persons."

She was more successful in "insinuating" herself at dinner parties, although even here she overestimated her deftness. Bertrand Russell, himself not unduly diffident, was so impressed by her self-confidence that he once asked her whether she had ever been shy. "Oh no," she assured him. "If I ever felt inclined to be timid as I was going into a room full of people, I would say to myself, 'You're the cleverest member of one of the cleverest families in the cleverest class of the cleverest nation in the world, why should you be frightened?' " She was, perhaps, too clever by half. One wonders whether the Prime Minister, Arthur Balfour (who was also a distinguished philosopher and an eminently urbane and cultivated man), was as amused and interested as she thought him to be when, seated next to him at a dinner party, she "seized every opportunity to insinuate sound doctrine and information as to the position of London education." Her own dinner parties were so contrived, the guests so obviously invited for a purpose, the conversation so deliberately directed, that Wells described her house as a "political factory." Other guests were reminded, on entering her parlor, of the parable of the spider and the fly.

These dinner parties were also notable for their austerity. Beatrice was pleased to think that the setting she provided for Sidney, of "simple fare and distinguished friends," suited him both in reputation and taste, that it adhered to a "democratic standard of expenditure" while bringing him within the "inner circle" of the political and scientific world. It is not clear that Sidney himself was quite so appreciative; friends noticed that he helped himself to more food when she was otherwise occupied. Nor were their guests pleased to be spared a surfeit of food and drink. Not a few complained of the lack of wine, the meager fare, the haste with which the table was cleared so that serious conversation could resume. (Habitués, knowing of Beatrice's displeasure when guests absented themselves to go to the lavatory, exchanged ideas on how best to cope with their needs.)

In *The New Machiavelli*, the Baileys, Well's fictional Webbs, had the initials "P.B.P." engraved inside their wedding rings—*Pro Bono Publico*. The real Webbs might have done the same. Like the Baileys, the Webbs were confident that they were the custodians of the public

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good because they were only seeking for the public what they knew to be good for themselves. Thus the regimen Beatrice imposed upon her dinner guests was a milder version of that which she imposed upon herself. Where the first volume of her diary has her wrestling with her soul, the "sin of self-consciousness," the second volume has her in mortal combat with her body, obsessively trying to curb her appetites. She gave up first alcohol, then meat, then, with more difficulty, coffee and cigarettes. By eliminating breakfast and literally weighing every bite she took, she succeeded in reducing her intake to no more than six ounces a day. She had started the diet to cure her indigestion, but she soon became convinced that overeating caused most diseases including pneumonia and cancer, and, more important, that it was intellectually debilitating. "Until I took to the rigid diet, the sensual side of my nature seemed to be growing at the expense of the intellectual"; she felt herself becoming emotional and sentimental, yearning for music, and otherwise lapsing into a "subjective state." The diet was meant to subdue these unwholesome impulses, and in doing so to attain "the lowest level in abstemiousness and the highest efficiency." It was a new utilitarian version of the ancient adage, *Mens sana in corpore sano*. It was also another way of exercising the spiritual virtue of self-denial. Again and again the diary reads like the confessions of a religious penitent. Refusing breakfast after an overnight visit with a friend, she described herself, only half in jest, as leaving in "an odour of 'personal abstemiousness' akin to an odour of sanctity!" On another occasion she confided: "Abstinence and prayer may prove to be the narrow way to salvation in this world—at least for such as me."

"For such as me"—and, in varying degrees, for everyone who sought salvation, and for whom she sought salvation. "*Renunciation*," she had written many years earlier, "that is the great fact we all, individuals and classes, have to learn." At that time it was Comte's "Religion of Humanity" that demanded renunciation, asceticism being regarded as a corollary of altruism. Now it was Fabianism that required the same self-sacrifice. The genre of ascetic socialism is familiar enough, quite as familiar as that of hedonistic socialism; the classic exemplars of the two types are Comtism and St. Simonianism. What makes the ascetic Fabian a more curious phenomenon is the conventional image of the Fabian as a realistic, pragmatic reformer seeking no radical transformation of mankind, not even a radical transformation of society, but only a series of gradual, moderate, meliorative changes. Beatrice's diary belies that image, at least as it applies to the Webbs and such other leading Fabians as George Bernard Shaw; their socialism was evidently closer to Comtism, and thus to utopianism, than one might suspect.

BEATRICE distrusted "the average sensual man"—a phrase that appears repeatedly in her diary and autobiography—as much as she distrusted her own "sensual" nature. When a campaign for "National Efficiency" was launched after the Boer War to improve the health and efficiency of the people and thus make them a more powerful "imperial race," she insisted that the control of consumption was far more important than an increase of production or a greater equality of distribution—certainly too important to be left to "the appetites of each individual." It would not be long, she was pleased to think, before "a whole system of sumptuary laws, at any rate as regards nonadults, will come into force." And "nonadults" could be interpreted loosely; she liked Wells's "brilliant suggestion" that the world be divided into adults and nonadults, with the "age of consent" raised to fifty or so. It was in the same spirit that she and other leading Fabians welcomed the "science" of eugenics which would prevent the "degeneration of the race." And so, too, their enthusiasm for "experts." Beatrice conceded that in this respect her brother-in-law, for example, was "more of a democrat than we are ourselves; for we have little faith in the 'average sensual man,' we do not believe that he can do much more than describe his grievances, we do not think that he can prescribe the remedies." It was for this reason that they wanted "to introduce into politics the professional expert—to extend the sphere of government by adding to its enormous advantages of wholesale and compulsory management, the advantage of the most skilled entrepreneur."

The "science" of society and the "religion" of humanity: this was the duality that corresponded to Beatrice's "duplex personality." In the introduction to the

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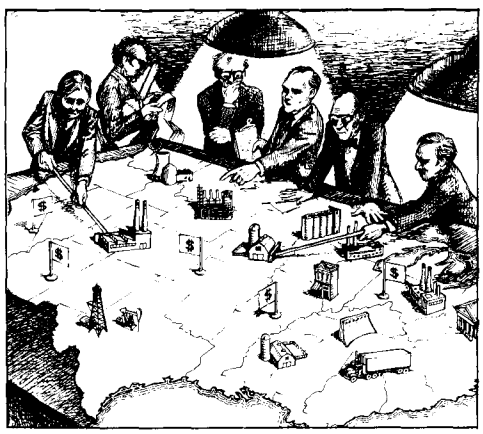

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original edition of *My Apprenticeship* (an introduction inexplicably omitted from the Penguin version and restored in the latest edition), she described the persistent controversy in her life between "an Ego that affirms and an Ego that denies." The affirmative Ego believed that there was a "science of society" which could determine the proper organization of society. The negative Ego believed that science could determine the means by which society was organized to achieve a particular end, but that the end itself, the purpose, was in another domain, that of religion, emotion, or faith.

Beatrice Webb as *religieuse*—it is impossible to make too much of this aspect of her life. The only complaint one may have of the present edition of the diary is that it omits so many of the passages attesting to her deep religious convictions. Although she was unhappy with some tenets of the official doctrine, she was a believing and practising Anglican, regularly praying at home and less regularly, but often enough, attending services and taking communion at St. Paul's. And religion was as much a part of her public creed as of her private creed. She had no sympathy with demands for the disestablishment of the Church; on the contrary, she (and Sidney, she insisted) wanted to see a rejuvenated and strengthened Church, less "superstitious" but no less "sacerdotal and ritualistic." "I do not believe that ordinary man is capable of prescribing for the diseases of the soul any more than they are for the diseases of the body. We need the expert here as elsewhere. Religion, to my mind, should consist in the highest metaphysic, music and ritual and mental hygiene." When she defended the Education Act of 1902, which was hotly criticized for providing public funds for Anglican schools, she did so not only on the expediential ground that some act was better than none, but also because she approved in principle of religious education. The secularist alternative, she argued, would have the unfortunate effect of establishing "pure materialism as the national metaphysic." And the "lie of materialism" was "far more pernicious and more utterly false" than whatever "untruths" might be found in Christianity.

Religion and science made for a formidable conflict in Beatrice's early years, and for a formidable—lethal, one might say—combination in her later years. In 1926, she was still agonizing over the problem:

> I am perpetually brooding over my inability to make clear even to myself, let alone to others, why I believe in religious mysticism, why I hanker after a Church—with its communion of the faithful, with its religious rites, and its religious discipline, and above all with its definite code of conduct.

Five years later she discovered the solution to that problem in the Soviet Union, where science and religion were perfectly complementary. The Soviets had a scientific economy of "planned production for community consumption"; they had a scientific government with "administrators" in the Kremlin whose "professed faith is science"; and they had a scientific constitution which was remarkably similar, Beatrice found, to the *Constitution for a Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain* that the Webbs had devised a few years earlier. But where the latter, she now realized, was a "paper-constitution" without "soul," the Soviets had given it soul in the shape of the Communist Party. The party was a "religious order," complete with "strict disciplines" and "vows of obedience and poverty." This, then, was the ideal she had so long sought. "It is the invention of the religious order, as the determining factor of a great nation, that is the magnet which attracts me to Russia. Practically, that religion is Comtism—the religion of Humanity." And like Comtism, it was an ascetic religion. After visiting the Soviet Union she reported that unlike the West, where the "average sensual man" judged success by such material standards as housing, food, and motor cars, the Soviet people measured success in terms of "moral uplift," "intellectual advancement," and the "reformation of manners and morals." From personal observation she could testify that there was "no spooning in the Parks of Recreation and Rest" and that Soviet officials were model "puritans."

The Webbs's passion for the Soviet Union remained undiminished by purges, trials, the Nazi-Soviet pact, and other disagreeable revelations. (Beatrice died in 1943, Sidney in 1947, by which

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time there were many such revelations.) And that passion, there is now good reason to think, was not the "aberrance" some would make of it. One could not deduce, from Beatrice's early diaries, that the resolution of the conflict of Egos would take just this form. She might have been satisfied to live out her life with the conflict unresolved; or she might have submitted to the dominion of one or the other Ego. (One can imagine her, as she saw herself in 1886, finding her "natural vocation and destiny" in a convent.) But the diaries do suggest that there was nothing aberrant or anomalous in the path she did choose, that communism exerted the powerful appeal it did because it was in accord with those long-held ideas and beliefs that had originally drawn her to Fabianism and which permitted her to end her life as a Fabian in good standing and as an ardent admirer of Stalinism.

This is to anticipate, however, the next two volumes of the diaries which are scheduled to appear later this year and next. In those volumes we may expect answers to some tantalizing questions. How did the Webbs make the transition from the modest "housekeeping state" of early Fabianism to the welfare state and, finally, the Communist state? When and why did they cease permeating the Conservative Party and become active in the Labour Party? Did Beatrice abandon Anglicanism when she discovered the Communist "Church"? And how did Sidney reconcile his acceptance of a peerage with his demand for the abolition of the House of Lords? (Beatrice declined the title of "Lady Passfield" mainly because she did not feel up to attending royal and ceremonial functions.) How influential were they in the Fabian movement, and how influential was Fabianism itself and the institutions it created or permeated: the London School of Economics, the *New Statesman*, the Left Book Club, the Fabian summer schools? And how many other Fabians took the same road to utopia? (When Shaw visited the Soviet Union in 1931, he pronounced it "applied Fabianism," and sixteen years later he declared Stalin to be "a good Fabian, and that's the best that can be said about anyone.") It is an altogether fascinating story, and we are grateful to the MacKenzies for bringing it to us in what is clearly a labor of love as well as an impressive feat of scholarship.

THE PERFECTIONIST

Elizabeth Bishop: The Collected Prose edited, with an introduction, by Robert Giroux

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 276 pp., $17.50)

Over the years Elizabeth Bishop, the poet, wrote a number of short stories, several portraits (one of Marianne Moore and another of a primitive painter living in Key West), several descriptive pieces set in Brazil, and an introduction to her translation from the Portuguese of *The Diary of Helena Morley*. All are now in *The Collected Prose*, edited and introduced by her publisher, Robert Giroux. Herein one will find Elizabeth Bishop's mastery of a moderate tone, find it even in the most searing fictions based upon painful recollections of her early life. One will note the characteristic curiosity, in her case often a curiosity about the curious, and it will be muted, as in her poems, by a respect and tolerance for what the curiosity discovers. There is also, here and there, the unusual visual sharpness that prompts her to challenge, as in a duel, the expected adjectives of description. She finds the words to make her victory convincing.

I remember when "In Prison" appeared in *Partisan Review* in 1938. This story, or prose reflection, was immediately famous, if such a claim is possible for a single short work appearing in a small magazine. But those were smaller times, the skyline was not so tall, and fame did not demand the most intensive exploitation of available space. So you were not likely to forget "In Prison" and the chain-gang men sometimes at home for the weekend and *their striped trousers hanging on the wash line.*

Poets can, of course, write prose. They can write it as well or as ill as they write verse, although I think certain slothful and not very intelligent poets are more daring in mediocrity when they write prose, the prose of a review for instance. Sometimes these items on the passing scene show a distraction about word and idea more suitable to the shooing away of the family dog than to a compositional task. Still, when the habit of poetry exists it will usually invade the poet's prose with a natural suffusion of its peculiar ways. Some have the two talents in a sort of separation. Lawrence and Hardy wrote novels, it seems to me, as novelists, that is, not as poets. Their great production, their themes and ideas, their stories chosen to dramatize a particular history and at the same time to speak of the general fate of human beings: all of this attests to a primary gift for fiction, a conquest of the form so abundant as to seem predestined. They could not refuse to be fiction writers any more than they could refuse to be poets. In their novels we will notice that the thorn of a rose will draw blood at the moment of first love, that the howl of a vicious, virile rabbit will ignite the emotions of a man and woman hesitating in the field. The metaphorical concentrations of poetry quietly seep into the rush and flow of the narration. And yet neither Hardy nor Lawrence lingered long enough to summon the vast "poetic effects" of Joyce and Proust.

Nothing is more striking to me than the casual prose of poets, with its quick and dashing informality, its mastery of the sudden and offhand, the free and thrown away. "The wretched, fishing jealousies of Leontes." *Fishing*? Yes. That is Coleridge. Corbière's "mild waterfront sensuality"—the words are Laforgue's. Thinking about Mayakovsky's working-class dress, Pasternak saw it not as an affront to the respectable but as a warning to the "black velvet" of his own talent. Baudelaire: "What I've always thought the finest thing in the theatre, ever since childhood and even now, is the chandelier. . . ." Protesting the Russian Symbolists' use of images and sets of images as if they were so many handy kitchen utensils, Mandelstam cried out (or so it seems on the page) that an image was inappropriate for everyday use, "just as an icon lamp would be inappropriate for lighting a cigarette."

Elizabeth Bishop's prose, as we read it collected and whole, gives me the idea that she set about the writing as an

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enterprise, something she would do from time to time with the prose part of her mind. It was the same mind that wrote the poems, but that does not alter the fact that certain of her stories were composed in the generally acceptable manner of the time. I think particularly of "The Baptism," "The Farmer's Children," "Gwendolyn," and "The Housekeeper." I notice that each appeared in due course in such places as *Harper's Bazaar* and *The New Yorker*, and two were reprinted in the "Best" collections of the year.

These stories are a skillful blending of the parts; they know how to give information, how to dramatize a scene, and how to reach the popular drift of "epiphany" at the end. (Perhaps only a poet could have loved Gwendolyn for her beautiful name. "Its dactyl trisyllables could have gone on forever so far as I was concerned.") The stories are genuine. You learn from them, and your emotions are solicited by the fate of the characters and the construction of the scene. They are fine examples of the kind of fiction still offered weekly and monthly by the more thoughtful magazines, and indicate to me that Elizabeth Bishop certainly could have been a fiction writer had she wished it.

LITTLE IN that to amaze. What is startling, on the other hand, is that her best prose fictions ("The Sea & Its Shore," "In Prison," "In the Village") are aesthetically radical, rich, and new in conception and tone. They are "experimental," as we used to say. In the late 1930s the fiction in the little magazines often struggled with the challenge of Kafka. It was possible to come up with an abstract and fixed situation of interest, but to uncover the mobility of the abstract is a rare gift. The static must move the mind, the invention, in a swirl of significance both intellectual and emotional. Much must happen from the point of stasis: otherwise there is a nullity, and with so much stripped away there is boredom.

"The Sea & Its Shore" is a magical instance of creative invention. A man, with no biography, is hired to keep the beach free of paper. For this purpose he is given a stick with a nail set in the end, a wire basket to burn the day's trash, and a little house, a primitive beach shelter. Gradually he begins to read the scraps of paper, to be knowledgeable about what the different kinds look like, the quality of the sheets wet and dry and, of course, the garbled messages on the crumpled sheets. He watches the papers blown about by the wind: "the papers had no discernible goal, no brain, no feeling of race or group. They soared up, fell down, could not decide, hesitated, subsided. . . ." As he read the "insect armies of type," everything seemed to become print, the whole world. A sandpiper, rushing here and there, looked like a "point of punctuation." Finally everything must be burned since "burning paper was his occupation." This little treatise and speculation on floating print, wind-tossed paper, fragments of literature, private letters, nonsense, mysterious truncations, arrives from the wonderfully resonant center of the given idea. The contemplation of the prodigality and expendability of print by way of the man on the beach and his stick with the nail in it is a pure and serene fiction exemplifying what we mean by inspiration.

Two stories are of great autobiographical interest and one, "In the Village," is a brilliant modern short story. The first, "The Country Mouse," was left unpublished, although it is a finished work. It is not more revealing and heartbreaking than the other; one might wonder why it was withheld.

Elizabeth Bishop was born in 1911 in Worcester, Massachusetts. Her father died less than a year after her birth. Her mother, from Nova Scotia, suffered a mental collapse, which finally became permanent when the child was only five years old. From the death of her father up until the age of seven Elizabeth Bishop lived with her mother's family in Nova Scotia. At the age of seven she was suddenly removed to Worcester, to the father's family, taken from a simple farm and small maritime village to the well-to-do manufacturing Bishops of Massachusetts.

"The Country Mouse" tells of this removal. "I had been brought back unconsulted and against my wishes to the house my father had been born in, to be saved from a life of poverty and provincialism, bare feet, suet puddings, unsanitary school slates. . . ." In her new home she was miserable and felt much like the nervous, troublesome family dog, Beppo. The last paragraph of the story underlines the year 1918, the recognition that she at seven years was doomed to her identity, to her "I, I, I," as a poem has it. The story ends: "Why was I a human being?"

"In the Village" tells of the mother's return from the mental hospital when the girl is five years old. A seamstress is brought in to make a new dress that will signify the end of the black and white mourning clothes. In the midst of the fitting the mother screams, the scream of a new collapse and the destruction of hope. "A scream, the echo of a scream, hangs over that Nova Scotian village. No one hears it; it hangs there forever, a slight stain in those pure blue skies. . . ."

The story then becomes something else, a brilliant rendering and ordering of certain fresh fictional possibilities. It becomes a sort of sonata of sounds filled with emotion for the child. The scream is balanced by the sound of Nate, the blacksmith, at his anvil. "*Clang*. The pure note: pure and angelic." Another sound enters like a patch of color on a canvas. *Whack*. The little girl is taking the family cow through the village to a grazing space. *Whack* goes the child's directing stick when the cow meanders about and must be gently brought into line.

"Rise up from the dust and put on your beautiful garments, oh my people." Isaiah

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The child passes by the village houses, one of them the house of Mr. McLean. (I note that is the name of the Boston hospital where the mother of "the scream" is confined until her death, but no significance attaches since Mr. McLean is a wholesome figure in the village scene.) His old dog, Jock, is, in italics, *deaf as a post.* The sweet sounds of pastoral life, the timbre of the lost paradise, and the sound of lost hope in the scream are elements smoothly woven into an original fictional tapestry. The degree of composition is great—the pauses, the contrasts, the simplicity of it so very complicated. The story is true, but it cannot be accurate because of the artfulness.

"The Country Mouse" is finely written, but written in a spirit much closer to the documentary, to the statement. "My mother was not dead. She was in a sanitorium, in another prolonged 'nervous breakdown.'" And "I had been brought back unconsulted." For a sensitive and reserved nature, autobiographical accuracy is a greater deterrence to publication than the deeper and more disturbing transformations of experience by art. So, "The Country Mouse" lay in the drawer and "In the Village" was published.

The portrait of Marianne Moore was also found unpublished and somewhat unsettled among the poet's papers. As we have it now it is one of the best of its kind in our literature, a literature more barren than most in significant memoirs. It is kindly, even adoring. The Moore household in Brooklyn, the cadence of the speech, the remembered odd scene, the visit to the circus are treasures of eccentricity and authenticity. Above all, the portrait is illuminated by the equity that prevails between the remembered Marianne Moore and the remembering Elizabeth Bishop. Still, I think perhaps it was withheld not from dissatisfaction but because of a squeamishness about the process of documentation, a hesitation about imposition, about *using*.

Reading over the portrait of Marianne Moore it occurs to me that Elizabeth Bishop appears to us to have been more like the older poet than she was in life. The friendship leaves things somewhat askew. Both were discreet, brilliant, original, unmarried, quirky, and refined in taste and manners. But Elizabeth Bishop's life was far more complicated—or showed more stress and volatility, since we never know about the inner life. She was less spectacular in wholeness of being, more contemporary indeed as a soul living out the years.

Many things—her orphanage only one of them—weighed on her spirit. She knew also the weight of drinking and the weight of the years of not drinking. She had asthma attacks, allergies, and love affairs that did not always end happily, far from it. She was as open to experience in space as Marianne Moore was pleased to be confined. She went far out to sea in both the literal and metaphorical sense. Like some figure in Thomas Mann, the cold north and the treacherous passions of the south met in her nature. She loved houses and objects, and she had an eye for them, for shells and feathered necklaces made by the Indians of Brazil, for treasures carefully chosen and looked after. And for larger acquisitions also: handsome pieces of furniture, chests and bureaus made from Brazilian woods in various shades and decorated with the diamond patterns of Minas. There was the modern house in Petropolis, in the hills where the emperor used to have his summer palace. The house was thoughtful and careful, set near a waterfall, and everything in it was standing in its place, arranged just so. There was the ancient house in hard-to-get-to, historic, beautiful Ouro Prêto, a folly perhaps, but who could travel to Ouro Prêto and not put a hand to a fine, falling down treasure of bygone days in a Brazil nearly out of its mind with love for modernity?

As I remember, there was very little money. What had passed on to Elizabeth came from one of those faded family businesses and from investments that seemed to wither in the box. To go here and there, to have the things and the houses, required an awful prudence and watchfulness, and yet the span was daring and profligate. She would go up the Amazon, even if she was quite uncomfortable doing so. Strange things happened in her presence, emanations, a sudden efflorescence that might have come from the rubbing of a lamp. Once we were in a museum in Rio where there were many Indian artifacts. Elizabeth suddenly stopped and said, "Look." We turned around and there was a group of naked Indians looking at Indian artifacts.

And then she left Brazil after so many years and returned home to take up the life of our kind in order to make a living. That is, she began to teach, even though for such a long time she had been afraid or shy of it, even shy about giving readings. Her last post was at Harvard. There she found an apartment, not in Cambridge or on Beacon Hill but down on the waterfront, as a sort of pioneer in the development of that part of the city, a modern and very handsome development but a bit out of the way.

Many look forward to the publication of Elizabeth Bishop's letters, look forward to knowing in full the incompara-

POEM

To my unknown ancestor—
a lieutenant-colonel in the civil war

Not too far from the Dvina's shore,
Throat ripped open
As final torture,
A statistic in your distant war,
Arms stretched out in a final gesture.
  Here your shirt has a bluish spot
  From the bleeding,
  Your mouth is punctured.
  Thrown into mass confusion, ants
  Do the dancing
  Of simple creatures.
So in place of new summer eves
And the posthumous glint of medals,
You have choruses of the weeds
To bewail you
In conquered meadows.
  Now your thunder
  No longer peals.
  We parade in their vile processions.
  But your eyes were bequeathed to me—
  As anathema
  And a blessing.

IRINA RATUSHINSKAYA
translated by Susan Layton

Irina Ratushinskaya was sentenced on March 5, 1983, to seven years hard labor and five years internal exile for "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda."

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ble glow, the luster of the thoughts and sights written in her small, curling, rather crooked script. Someone is weeding the garden, another has just come up the road in the inconvenient tropics. I was often given to read those that came to my house, given them as an offering of pleasure for the morning. Here, read this.

Elizabeth Bishop was indeed a perfectionist. She was also a natural writer with an unusual patience; nothing appears to have been excavated with visible sweat and aching muscle. And yet perhaps it was that the great natural gifts seemed too easy, and she must wait to make everything just so in tone and rhythm, without insistence. She didn't want to leave too much paper on the beach.

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Elizabeth Hardwick's *Bartleby in Manhattan and Other Essays* was published last year by Random House.

A PERMIT FOR PALESTINE

The High Walls of Jerusalem: A History of the Balfour Declaration and the Birth of the British Mandate for Palestine by Ronald Sanders

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 768 pp., $24.95)

The Balfour Declaration, its diplomatic history, and the personalities of those who worked to bring it about, have given rise to an abundant, if rather mixed, literature. Prior to Ronald Sanders's book, one work stands out prominently in this literature. This is the late Leonard Stein's *The Balfour Declaration*, published in 1961. Considering that Stein did not have at his disposal the wealth of public archives which became available a few years after the publication of his book, his account of the genesis of the Declaration is remarkable in its accuracy and penetration. As Mr. Sanders points out, moreover, Stein's book is in some respects virtually another original source, since Stein was intimately acquainted with Zionist affairs and personalities and was, for a period, political secretary of the Jewish Agency in London.

Mr. Sanders is a worthy successor to Stein. He does not have the benefit of personal acquaintance with the protagonists, but he has read and assimilated the existing literature, notably the many volumes of Chaim Weizmann's *Letters and Papers* which began to be published in 1968. He has also examined the British archives and the various private papers which Stein had used. The result is a clear and spacious narrative which fully succeeds in holding the reader's attention. Indeed the book has many virtues. The author is sure-footed in his account of the diplomatic transactions, and he is able to present a vivid and credible picture of such figures as Herbert Samuel, Arthur Balfour, Mark Sykes, Moses Gaster, and Nahum Sokolow, as well as of their mutual involvement in the negotiations which led up to the Declaration. His portrait of Weizmann as scientist, university teacher, Zionist leader, and the driving force behind the attempt to secure a Jewish national home under British auspices, stands out as a notable achievement.

What emerges with great clarity from Mr. Sanders's account is this: had it not been for Weizmann, Samuel, Sokolow, and Gaster, there would have been no Balfour Declaration. It is, however, even more true that without Sir Mark Sykes and Sir Ronald Graham among the British officials, and Lloyd George and Balfour among the British politicians, there also would have been no Declaration. It was the British who had it in their power to grant or deny what the Zionists so ardently desired. Why were the British persuaded, then, to adopt a pro-Zionist policy? If we follow their calculations, ably set out by Mr. Sanders, we can see in retrospect that they were miscalculations. Sykes and others believed in the enormous worldwide occult power of the Jews. Officials and ministers also believed that the Jews could influence events in Russia, and help to prevent it from abandoning the war. Both of these notions were clearly fantasies. But the most important consideration in favor of a pro-Zionist policy was that it would give the British government a pretext to get out of the obligation which it had accepted in the Sykes-Picot treaty of 1916 to allow the French to share in the administration of Palestine. This was thought to be undesirable since it would introduce a rival Great Power in a territory directly contiguous to Egypt—a country the control of which was thought absolutely essential to the safeguard of British imperial interests.

But there was really no need for such a complicated device in order to get rid of French claims in Palestine. The destruction of the Ottoman Sixth Army and the conquest of the Levant was effected by British troops. When the

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armistice came in November 1918 the whole of the Levant, Palestine included, was under the control of General Allenby, the commander-in-chief of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. The French were thus in no position to assert claims under the Skyes-Picot treaty, and Lloyd George had no difficulty in getting Clemenceau immediately after the armistice to give up French claims both in Palestine and in Mosul (which under the treaty would also have gone to France). The Zionist commitment thus proved quite superfluous. It is, further, most doubtful whether the Balfour Declaration would have been efficacious in elbowing the French out of Palestine in the absence of a British occupation. Ironically enough, the British position in Egypt, which the Zionist policy was meant to buttress, was by the end of February 1922 itself ruined by the combined misjudgments and bunglings of Allenby, the conqueror of Palestine—who was appointed High Commissioner in Egypt in April 1919—and of Lloyd George, Balfour, and Milner—the principal supporters of the Zionist policy in the cabinet.

AS WE KNOW, from the outbreak of the Arab rebellion in Palestine in 1936 until they abandoned the country in 1948, and even until today, British ministers and officials never ceased bitterly to regret the British involvement with Zionism. This was on the ground that the obligation which Great Britain assumed upon accepting the Palestine Mandate—that is, to facilitate the establishment of a Jewish national home in that country (as the Balfour Declaration had promised)—was one which put it at loggerheads with, and damaged British interests in, the whole of the Arab world. It is undoubtedly true that Palestine did become a Pan-Arab issue. But, as it happened, it was British policy during and immediately after the world war which, ironically, launched, and gave a political base to, the Pan-Arabism which created such difficulties for the British after 1936. The origin of this policy lay in the belief that a promise of Arab independence to the Sharif of Mecca would lead to an Arab uprising which would topple Ottoman rule in the Levant and Mesopotamia. This belief, uncritically entertained and promoted by British officials on quite flimsy grounds, proved wholly erroneous. Just as it was only British military occupation of Palestine which made possible British control of the territory, so also British troops had to destroy Ottoman rule in the Levant—which the Sharifian rebellion promoted in Cairo could never have done—thus proving it to be just as superfluous for the British as the pro-Zionist policy promoted in London.

Thirty years after the Balfour Declaration, the United Nations voted for the establishment of a Jewish state. Had it not been for the Declaration which the Mandate for Palestine incorporated, the Zionist movement would not have been able to lay the demographic, social, and political foundations on which Israel was built, and without which the U.N. vote of November 1947 would have proved meaningless. But the *Yishuv* (as the Jewish community was called) from which Israel emerged was powerless to avert the catastrophe that overtook Jewry between 1933 and 1945—a catastrophe which no one, not even the most catastrophic of Zionists, could have imagined. Neither could the *Yishuv* have served as a refuge or a shield for the millions whom the Nazis exterminated. Still, Israel, in a sense the outcome of the Balfour Declaration, is a free and civilized polity, in the defense of which its citizens have repeatedly proved themselves ready to die. The existence of this Jewish state, in which only a minority of the Jewish people lives, will have—and already has had—momentous consequences for the whole of Jewry which no one could have imagined when Herzl and Pinsker and Weizmann were dreaming their dreams.

ELIE KEDOURIE

Elie Kedourie is professor of politics at the London School of Economics. His most recent book is *Islam in the Modern World* (New Republic Books/Holt, Rinehart and Winston).

1944 AND ALL THAT

I Wish This War Were Over
by Diana O'Hehir

(Atheneum, 288 pp., $13.95)

"The legend for this year is that I'm out here on the edge of America's heartland riding trains and screwing old men so that I can get my mother, my beautiful, feeble-minded, insubstantial and unsatisfactory, unreliable and loving mother back."

You could say that sentence pretty much sums up the plot of *I Wish This War Were Over*. You could say it, but it wouldn't be strictly accurate; for Diana O'Hehir—previously known for her poetry—has managed in her first novel to produce a group of characters so complex and particular, so appealing and so heartbreaking, that what happens to them matters far less than who they are. Like real-life people, they draw us into the layers of their personalities, and these form the book's real plot.

The "I" of the book is a 19-year-old Californian named Helen. The year is 1944, a time so vividly re-created that it's practically one of the characters. Trains are full of sprawling soldiers. Banners hang in railroad stations reading "U.S.O.—We Care, We Share, We're There." *Time* magazine shows a weeping Frenchwoman whose dress has been ripped open because she fraternized with the Nazis. Standard name brands have mysteriously disappeared—Ivory Flakes, for example, replaced by something called Perfect, whose package displays a housewife in a blue striped apron doing her wash at a three-legged washtub. Women are sporting a style in which a snarl of bobby pins fastens part of their hair to the front of their heads and part of it to the back. ("I started to say to myself," Helen tells us, "that they looked like the wrath of God and then I had to retract it, because it was not true at all, really. They looked pretty and sweet and charming.")

In fact, it is probably Helen's distance from the era that allows her to speak so kindly of those women in bobby pins. We don't know her present vantage point; we have no idea what became of

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her after 1944. But there is a certain tender note in her voice that suggests she is looking backward over a great sweep of time, and that is what makes the book so poignant.

She is tender even toward her 19-year-old self, and rightly so, for Helen at 19 is an admirable young woman—sensible, self-reliant, and gifted with the ability to breeze her way through events that would undo most others. We meet her first as she's setting out on her cross-country journey, hoping to rescue her alcoholic mother from where she's landed on the skids in Washington, D.C. In an introductory paragraph of uncommon assurance, Diana O'Hehir introduces the entire backbone of the plot:

> "If you ask my opinion," said my grandmother, "no good can come of it. Helen, you are only nineteen; you should not be crossing the country alone. She is a grown woman; she is forty-three years old. If she is in trouble at the age of forty-three, she will always be in trouble, and her own daughter, practically a child, can do nothing about it."

HELEN, OF COURSE, disregards this advice, and she's hardly seated on her train when she encounters one of her mother's old boyfriends. O'Connell (as she calls him throughout the book) is a married man more than twice her age, a union activist who addresses her as "Butchie" and ends up inviting her to stop off with him in a Reno hotel. Not the kind of situation we'd like for any 19-year-old of *our* acquaintance, thank you; but that's where Diana O'Hehir's wonderful particularity of characterization comes in. She shows O'Connell and Helen playing poker on the train together:

> After a bit he decided to enliven the game by pretending that additional people were playing and assigning names and personalities to them. Mr. and Mrs. Jones were a meek couple in their forties; Lady Sadie was a stripper; there was also Donald Nelson, the head of the War Production Board; and a fat man named Eustace, who was my son.

By the time O'Connell has peeked at a card, meanwhile explaining that "he wasn't doing it in his own person, but in that of Lady Sadie," we're smitten. Oh, all right, let her stop off in Reno with him. In fact, she'd be crazy if she didn't.

Carry this quality throughout the book—make each person so specific, so lovingly detailed that he might be sitting in the room with us—and you have a novel that sticks in the mind. After all, this could have been a soap opera: the married lecher, the disgustingly drunk mother, the heroine's handsome but dull soldier boyfriend, the brave younger sister back home trying to hold things together. But when the married lecher is pretending he's Lady Sadie! When the mother keeps bearing a haunting resemblance to that photo of the Frenchwoman in *Time* magazine! When the boyfriend asks wistfully if there might be such a thing as a "Renoir world," and the younger sister is so comically practical that she cherishes as her wildest dream an ambition to be a WAC hygienic technician! Well, then we have to drop all thoughts of soap opera.

"LISTEN," O'Connell tells Helen, and then he describes an old black man who used to stop passersby and begin, "Parmme sir, I know that you white and I colored. . . ." "Well," O'Connell says, "I feel like saying, 'Parmme, Miss; I know that you young and I old. . . .' " With those few words—which mark him forever in our minds as an endearing mixture of intelligent and sad and funny—he elevates a trite situation to something all its own. He makes the story unique.

Wartime Washington, a Virginia mill town, the bizarre, bleak waiting room of an Army doctor, the crumbling little apartment in which, after Helen's mother goes on a doughnut-frying spree, droplets of grease hang from all the shade pulls—each scene is palpable, meticulously described. And all are deepened by a faultless sense of time. The year 1944 lies over them like a translucent wash of color.

Only rarely are we reminded that this is a first novel. There is a creaky flashback mechanism near the beginning, when Helen is riding the train and rather too determinedly reviewing her life history. And the ending seems hastily conceived; the author's light touch suddenly gives way to overstatement, and her resolution of the plot is not entirely plausible. Until that point, though, *I Wish This War Were Over* seems effortless—a book like a trip, with a sure sense of pacing and a clear destination, and an enthralling view out the window.

ANNE TYLER

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A Fellow Traveler Forever

Right In Her Soul: The Life of Anna Louise Strong by Tracy B. Strong and Helene Keyssar

(Random House, 399 pp., $22.95)

The term "fellow traveler" is rarely heard nowadays. Thirty years ago it was a common insult hurled at apologists for Stalinism. Communists themselves, however, had first used the phrase in the 1920s, to refer to those people willing to help the Soviet Union or support its policies but reluctant to actually join the Communist Party. Fellow travelers hesitated about submitting themselves to Party discipline, but compensated for this weakness by giving communism respectability, material and moral sustenance, and entry into intellectual and professional circles. Particularly in Western Europe and the United States, where Communist Parties were relatively weak, fellow travelers provided forums for pro-Soviet views which otherwise might have been limited to the political fringes.

Many of the most prominent American writers, artists, and scholars of the twentieth century, including John Dos Passos, Ernest Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, and J. Robert Oppenheimer, lent their names and talents, at some point in their lives, to party causes. Few of them were able to remain on the same road with the Communists forever. (Dreiser, a fellow traveler from the late 1920s who formally joined the Communist Party in 1945, shortly before his death, was an exception.) Each twist and turn in the party line left some disillusioned travelers by the side of the road—a circumstance which did not seem to dissuade others from setting out on the same journey.

Tracy Strong and Helene Keyssar have written an informative but flawed biography of one of the most famous, if hardly the most talented, fellow travelers, Anna Louise Strong. Based on extensive archival material and family cooperation (Strong is Anna Louise's great-nephew), and buttressed by access to records in China and files of the F.B.I., *Right In Her Soul* offers as complete an account of a fascinating life as one could want. Only the Soviet Union refused to allow Strong and Keyssar to examine its files, or even to admit that they exist. As richly detailed and revealing as their book is, however, the authors fail in an important way. In their preface they report that they sought "to subordinate our own voices to that of Anna Louise." Biographers, however, have an opportunity to understand a person's life in ways that their subject cannot, and an obligation to judge and assess the choices she made. Although Strong and Keyssar make crystal clear the extent to which Anna Louise Strong deceived herself and others, justified mass murder, and ignored injustice, they shy away from condemning her. Instead, they suggest that she was "quintessentially American," a woman, as the book jacket puts it, "dedicated to the cause of humanity and the betterment of the world."

Born in 1885 and brought up in the Midwest, Anna Louise Strong was descended from old American stock. Her father, a Congregational minister, nurtured her on "progressive Christian idealism." Although her family was not wealthy, Anna Louise was given every possible advantage in life. She traveled widely across Europe before entering Oberlin, her parents' alma mater. After graduating at 19, she went on to earn a doctorate at the University of Chicago with a dissertation examining prayer from a social-psychological perspective. Far more effective as a publicist than a scholar, she then devoted her talents to a variety of reform groups concerned with such Progressive issues as child labor.

Like many young reformers in the pre-World War I era, Strong considered herself a mild sort of socialist. Her abhorrence of war pushed her further to the left after America entered the conflict. By then she was living in Seattle. Her antiwar position led to her recall from the city's school board. Strong was not the only dissenter in Seattle. The area was a center for the Industrial Workers of the World which she soon joined. In 1919 she was an active publicist for the groups that led the Seattle general strike. Its failure ended her involvement in American politics. She was hired by the Quakers to publicize their relief efforts in Russia. From her arrival there in 1921 until her death in Peking in 1970, she devoted her life to the Russian and Chinese revolutions. In mid-1935 she secretly joined the American Communist Party, but apart from making financial contributions and considering herself at least nominally under its discipline, she never took part in its activities. She made frequent lecture tours of America, and lived here periodically in the 1920s and 1930s, during World War II, and from 1949 to 1958. Yet her interests were almost always abroad. What was taking place in Russia and China always struck her as more momentous and promising than prosaic democratic politics.

RUSSIA IN 1921 was an easy country with which to sympathize. The Bolsheviks had finally won the civil war, and they faced immense challenges. Famine and disease were widespread. To attract Western investment, rigid economic controls had been relaxed. Experimentation was the order of the day. To the idealistic Strong, the country was a marvelous laboratory, and the Bolsheviks were selfless leaders intent on finding new ways to organize industry, agriculture, and education. But her gushing reports, published in American newspapers, made the Quakers nervous. She soon parted company with them to devote all her talents to writing, launching herself on a new career of providing "soft news" and feature stories about Russia to American audiences. For the next quarter-century, Strong shuttled back and forth between America and Russia, trumpeting the dedication of Soviet leaders, extolling the wonderful advances being made by peasants, ethnic minorities, and women, and pleading with her fellow citizens to sympathize with and support the Soviet regime.

Strong enjoyed access to top Soviet leaders. Trotsky was smitten with her and she gave him English lessons. Stalin intervened on her behalf with censors on the *Moscow Daily News*, a paper for American workers and technicians in Russia that she co-edited with Michael Borodin, the famous Comintern agent. Her Russian husband, Joel Shubin, was an official in the Foreign Ministry; although the authors do not mention it, he served as a Communist International representative in the United States in the early 1930s.

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Such kind treatment was not provided without a corresponding cost. Strong and Keyssar note that often "in her zeal to instruct, her writing became propaganda." In fact, she came to bear the same resemblance to a journalist that a press agent does. Requested by an editor to procure an interview with Trotsky in 1926, she did not try very hard, and then neglected to report that her former friend was losing his subterranean battle with Stalin. On trips to the Russian countryside, she saw the horrors of collectivization, and wrote to her father that had she published what she knew, the Soviets would have expelled her. What she did write, in *The Soviets Conquer Wheat*, was that excesses no doubt had occurred, but they were excusable by the requirements of "world history." She scrapped early drafts of her autobiography, *I Change Worlds*, because they spoke favorably of Trotsky; she allowed Stalin to correct the chapter on him. She believed, according to the authors, that "truths were correctly analyzed facts. Correctly analyzed facts were ones that enhanced the movement toward peace and the progress of socialism."

Russia, however, slowly lost its place in her heart. The experiments of the 1920s gave way to Stalinist rigidity. Her friends and co-workers were arrested and executed. Publicly silent, she was privately distressed. A new object of veneration, though, was fortuitously at hand. And so, in a step that many other American radicals were to imitate, Anna Louise Strong, disappointed by one totalitarian regime, transferred her affection to another, a younger and more revolutionary one. In her case, it was China.

STRONG'S TIES to China went back to 1927. She had accompanied Borodin, then serving as the Communist International's representative, on his dramatic flight through China to Ulan Bator after the Chinese Communists' alliance with Chiang Kai-shek had collapsed. In the late 1930s she returned to visit the Eighth Route Army and became friends with Chou En-lai. She lived in Yenan in 1946 and obtained the exclusive interview with Mao Tse-tung in which he first characterized the United States as a "paper tiger." Once again Strong convinced herself that she had found selfless leaders who were free of dogma and committed to building a socialist society. Once again she allowed

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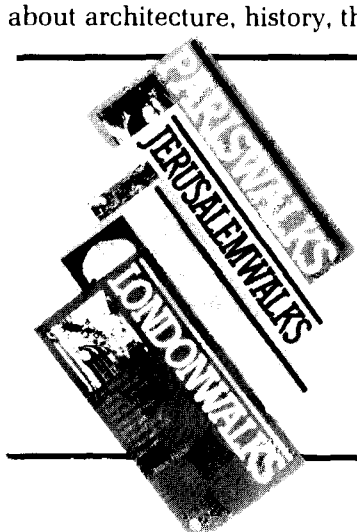

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her dispatches to be censored for "political accuracy."

Her admiration for Mao and the Chinese path to socialism, with its implicit criticism of the Soviet Union, did not please the Russians. While waiting in Moscow for a visa to China, Strong also suggested privately that the Soviets didn't understand the Chinese revolution. What she did not understand was that Stalin, already scarred by Tito's revolt, was nervous about the success of the Chinese Communists. Strong was arrested in February 1949. She was jailed for less than a week, and expelled from Russia as an American spy.

Her long history of fellow traveling did her no good. *The Daily Worker* halted serial publication of her latest book and terminated its campaign to win her a Pulitzer Prize. She privately pleaded with the American Communists to tell her what to do. Old friends shunned her. Yet even this could not shake her political beliefs. Strong wrote a series of newspaper articles blaming her arrest on overzealous bureaucrats whose paranoia was fed by Western hostility to Russia. The Soviet Union, despite its flaws, still seemed to her more devoted to peace, and potentially a more just society, than America.

For the next half-decade, Strong remained a fellow traveler, despite the hostility of her erstwhile companions. Publicly she defended the East European purge trials. Privately she admitted the victims were innocent. Shocked and distraught by Khrushchev's speech acknowledging Stalin's crimes, she admitted—again, privately—that she had known what had taken place and kept silent. In public, again, she blamed the terror only on the depredations of the secret police.

In 1955 the Soviets admitted that Strong had not been an American spy. Rehabilitated, she visited Moscow, but quickly continued on to China, where she lived until her death in 1970. There she asked for an "adviser" to censor her articles about China. Letters to friends in America detailed problems in Chinese society, but included warnings not to publicize them. As an enthusiastic supporter of the Cultural Revolution, she was admitted to the Red Guards. Although privately upset by their "excesses," she made no mention of any doubts in the newsletter she published from China—even after a number of her friends were arrested. She died in Peking in 1970, shortly after Chou En-lai had visited her hospital room to pay his respects. Strong had rightly earned the gratitude of the Communist leadership.

One of Anna Louise Strong's Chinese names was Shih Teh-lang, which the authors translate as "especially brilliant about history." The opposite, however, was true. Despite their prodigious research, Strong and Keyssar refrain from making the only possible judgment about her: her life was a political and moral disaster. She was a woman who learned nothing from history.

HARVEY KLEHR

Harvey Klehr is professor of political science at Emory University. His book, *The Heyday of American Communism: The Depression Decade*, was recently published by Basic Books.

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Hazlitt: The Mind of a Critic, by David Bromwich (Oxford University Press). A major study of England's most restless Romantic. (Reviewed 3/12/84)

A Late Divorce, by A. B. Yehoshua, translated by Hillel Halkin (Doubleday). A wise Israeli novel, under the sign of Faulkner. (3/12/84)

The Heyday of American Communism: The Depression Decade, by Harvey Klehr (Basic). The last word on the American Communist movement's ties to Moscow. (3/5/84)

The Wall Jumper, by Peter Schneider, translated by Leigh Hafrey (Pantheon). A novel about dislocated lives on both sides of the Berlin Wall. (3/5/84)

Otto Klemperer: His Life and Times, Volume I: 1885-1933, by Peter Heyworth (Cambridge University Press). A groundbreaking account of one of the great musical figures of the century. (2/27/84)

Family Portrait with Fidel: A Memoir by Carlos Franqui (Random House). A former confidant of Castro sheds light on the origins and the failures of the Cuban Revolution. (2/20/84)

Swift: The Man, His Works, and the Age, Volume Three: Dean Swift by Irvin Ehrenpreis (Harvard University Press). An exhaustive, often elegant treatment of the writer's last years. (2/13/84)

Stones for Ibarra by Harriet Doerr (Viking). A strikingly crafted first novel that tells fateful tales of life and death in a remote Mexican village. (1/30/84)

Midsummer by Derek Walcott (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A masterful fifty-four-poem sequence, which establishes the poet's place at the center of current English poetry. (1/23/84)

Revolution in Time: Clocks and the Making of the Modern World by David S. Landes (Harvard University Press). A lucid history of the mechanics and meanings of time. (10/10/83)

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 3*

payers of all taxes) in order to fund a check drawn on the U.S. Treasury payable to a corporation to buy art, the practice would end quickly.

The U.S. corporate tax is bad economics and, much worse, it is bad politics for everyone except incumbent Congressmen and undeserving corporations who would find it much harder to convince our legislators to give them money through the front door in full view of all the people as opposed to through the wide open back door, otherwise known as the tax deduction.

KIM G. DAVIS
New York, New York

THE RIGHT KIDS' STUFF

To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer's "Kids' Stuff" (TNR, February 13) ridicules those persons who ask children about their feelings and nuclear war, and interpret their replies as "silliness" that provides sentimental scientists with new theories. Mr. Krauthammer shows a lack of

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sensitivity about children and denies them the right to be taken seriously. Further, he repudiates the methods of TNR Contributing Editor Robert Coles, who asks children about their feelings (civil rights and war, for example) and then writes about them with great respect and human warmth.

MILTON J. E. SENN, M.D.
Southbury, Connecticut

JACKSON ACTION

To the editors:

I believe it is time for THE NEW REPUBLIC to admit the truth: Jesse Jackson once canceled his subscription. Since you have ruled out racism as the source of your weekly criticisms ("Follow the Money," TNR, February 13), this is the only justification that I can imagine.

I am black, and though I do not support Mr. Jackson's candidacy, I do believe that criticism of any public figure should be fair. Yours simply is not. Nothing brings this fact home more than your observation that "this tribune of the poor paid himself a salary sufficiently handsome to put him in the top 1 percent of income earners in the country." Have you made similar statements about Senators Kennedy or Metzenbaum lately? I would hope not, because it is ludicrous to suggest that to have any concern about poor people one must actually be poor. Or perhaps this is only a requirement for black politicians.

One does not have to agree with everything Mr. Jackson says to treat his statements with as much respect as those of candidates you find more acceptable.

ROBERT SIMS
New York, New York

TRB, *from page 4*

might call this "wisdom."

"In practical terms," says the *Times*, "crystallized intelligence comes into play, for example, in understanding the arguments made in newspaper editorials, or dealing with problems for which there are no clear answers, but only better and worse options." This is wonderful news for editorial writers, for it has long seemed to us that this is precisely the kind of intelligence President Reagan lacks. It's good to know that in a second term, if he gets one, he will start doing as we tell him—especially on subjects about which there are no clear answers, but only better or worse options. Our job is to make all subjects seem like that.

No one doubts that Reagan puts in a good forty-hour week. What the "leadership issue" appeals to is the tiresome convention that the President must be burdened by overwork. Journalists need an objective correlative for the awesome weight of his responsibilities. Especially when big news is breaking, they want signs of activity: jets and helicopters crisscrossing the sky, limousines disgorging cabinet members on the White House driveway, lights burning into the night in the great man's study. Most especially, they want him here in Washington, at the center of the world, if he's going to claim to be in charge.

In his first week in office, Jimmy Carter told his staff that he didn't believe in that kind of stuff, and that working long hours proved nothing. But as his popularity withered, he lost his serene self-confidence and began staging the usual tableaux of overwork. Toward the end, in his most desperate ploy to appear "Presidential," he asserted that, what with one crisis and another, he was too busy running the free world to campaign for reelection.

Reagan came into office even more relaxed. Told that the fellow with the intelligence briefing would be in the Oval Office at 7:30 every morning, he said, "Fine. I'll be there at 9:30." Later, he unapologetically began wearing a hearing aid. But Reagan is also succumbing to the convention. To combat the age issue, he's had himself photographed pumping iron in a T-shirt and ostensibly defeating a bodybuilder at arm wrestling. Pathetic. Asked about Mondale's "amnesia" charge at his last press conference, his reply was not merely youthful but positively juvenile: "I'm surprised he knew what the word meant." He then bragged tediously about all the work he takes to California and upstairs to bed at night. Who cares?

Mondale charges that the President is "not in charge." Let's be honest. The problem with Reagan is that he's all too much in charge. It's not that he hasn't done enough of what he set out to do: he's done way too much. If his lolling around in California is the objective correlative of anything, it's of the complacent, Antoinettish vision he's imposed on our government.

C'mon Fritz, get serious.

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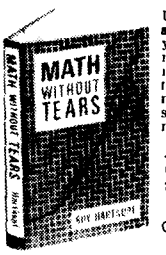

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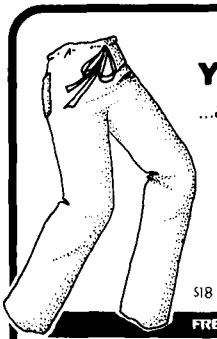

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NEW HAMPSHIRE DIARIST

Gone Fishin'

THE LAST TIME I volunteered for a political campaign was in 1972. I used to come home from elementary school and go around my neighborhood asking for contributions to McGovern for President. But I guess I've thrown away the conscience I had as a 10-year-old. If Lonesome George is going to win this year, he'll have to make it without me. The weekend before the primary I took a chartered bus to New Hampshire to work for the one Democrat who might beat Ronald Reagan, and will govern competently if he does: Walter Mondale.

THE MONDALE MACHINE was every bit as well oiled as it's said to be. Mondale volunteers called and visited almost every Democrat in the state who ever expressed an interest in voting for the former Vice President. But the people who work full time for this organizational marvel didn't really seem to enjoy it. I expected Mondale's staff to be the very picture of serenity and confidence—like Muhammad Ali's entourage before the Alfredo Evangelista fight. Instead, the mood was grim. "Try to be understanding with the people in New Hampshire," a staffer told me before I left D.C. "They've been working till four in the morning and they're kind of frazzled." True, campaign work is inherently nerve-wracking. Yet I sensed that the snappish Mondale people had more than the usual jitters. The campaign's high command, deathly afraid of the surging Gary Hart, wanted to get every detail right—no matter how the effort might tax patience and stamina in the bottom ranks. In Washington I watched a young aide frantically counting volunteers on the buses. Why bother? "The Manchester office calls me after you leave and asks how many people are on the buses," she gasped. "You can't say 'about forty.' They have to know exactly."

WHAT MOTIVATES Mondale's foot soldiers? An impressive number of campaign workers were ordinary folks—secretaries, telephone operators—who simply like the candidate. But I wasn't surprised that many of the paid staff were thinking as much about their own political futures as they were about Walter Mondale's. A young man at Mondale's Concord office was disdainful of his careerist colleagues. "Everybody has some ulterior motive," he said. What about him? "Hell, I was going to chuck it a week ago," he told me. "But then I said to myself, 'You're working for a Presidential campaign, and the guy you're working for might just be the next President.' I mean, this is *it*." Should such sentiments fail, however, the campaign has ways of keeping its minions' feet to the fire. If the Concord office meets its canvassing quotas before the other New Hampshire offices meet theirs, its staff gets to join Mondale at the Democratic convention in July. "So the bottom line," the staffer told me, "is you volunteers gotta save our ass and get us to San Francisco."

MY JOB WAS TO canvass Laconia, New Hampshire (pop. 17,000), which allowed me to gauge the electorate's preprimary mood firsthand. Actually, everyone was in a pretty good mood. Laconia was still abuzz over the results of its annual eighteen-mile dogsled race. A number of locals were angling for perch and salmon through the ice of nearby Lake Winnisquam. But when it came to politics, Laconians conformed to the laconic, skeptical New Hampshire stereotype. "It's sickening," one elderly resident said of the lengthy primary campaign. "They all never do what they promise anyway." He planned to spend election day ice fishing. In fact, I'd bet that a candidate who pledged to cut the campaign to one week (as long as it wasn't the week of the dogsled race) would clean up in Laconia, and possibly the whole state. In one working-class precinct, I approached a white-haired man who was shoveling snow from his driveway. "People must be pretty excited up here about this Presidential business," I prompted. "Well," he replied, resting his chin on the shovel handle. "Some are." He paused. "Others like football."

SEVERAL LACONIANS SAID they had met at least one of the hopefuls. Candidate-to-citizen contact counts for a lot in New Hampshire, where voters tend to look for the same qualities in a President as they do in a town selectman. Mondale impressed people as "a good man." Invariably, those who said they liked him cited his honesty and experience—never his views on the issues. Indeed, a recent *Boston Globe* survey showed that most New Hampshire Democrats agree with John Glenn's right-of-center philosophy—but favor Mondale 5 to 1 in a comparison of the two contenders' "backgrounds." Those who told me that they didn't like Mondale usually accused him of promising too much—a refrain I heard often enough to become convinced that Glenn's negative ads had sunk in. And where Glenn sowed doubts, Hart reaped votes. Maybe all this means that Mondale should talk less about specifics and more about his music teacher mom and preacher dad. His life story sounds hokey inside the Capital Beltway, but out there in America, it has a certain charm.

OF COURSE, RONALD REAGAN wrote the book on avuncularity, which is why an only moderately folksy guy like Mondale will have trouble dislodging him. Reagan is certainly New Hampshire's favorite candidate—write-in votes gave him 5 percent in the *Democratic* primary. And judging from my own informal poll of Laconia's voters, even more of the state's 110,000 Democrats—including many of those who back Mondale in the primary—are likely to support Reagan in November. The point is that New Hampshire, with its conservative, all-white electorate, is a pretty unrepresentative place for Democrats to hold their first primary—a contest that decides the fate of several candidates who could do better in a more diverse setting. It's probably wise to vote first in a smaller state, so as not to give away too much convention clout (and suspense) too early. But why not start in Wisconsin? Or better still, Maryland, which at least has more Democrats than Republicans, and which has communities ranging from industrial Baltimore to tiny villages on the Chesapeake Bay? New Hampshire would be out $3 million in quadrennial revenue. But this is a small price to pay for letting the rest of us finish out our lives without ever having to read (or write) another feature about laconic Yankee ice fishermen who just wish all the reporters and campaign workers would go away.

C.L.

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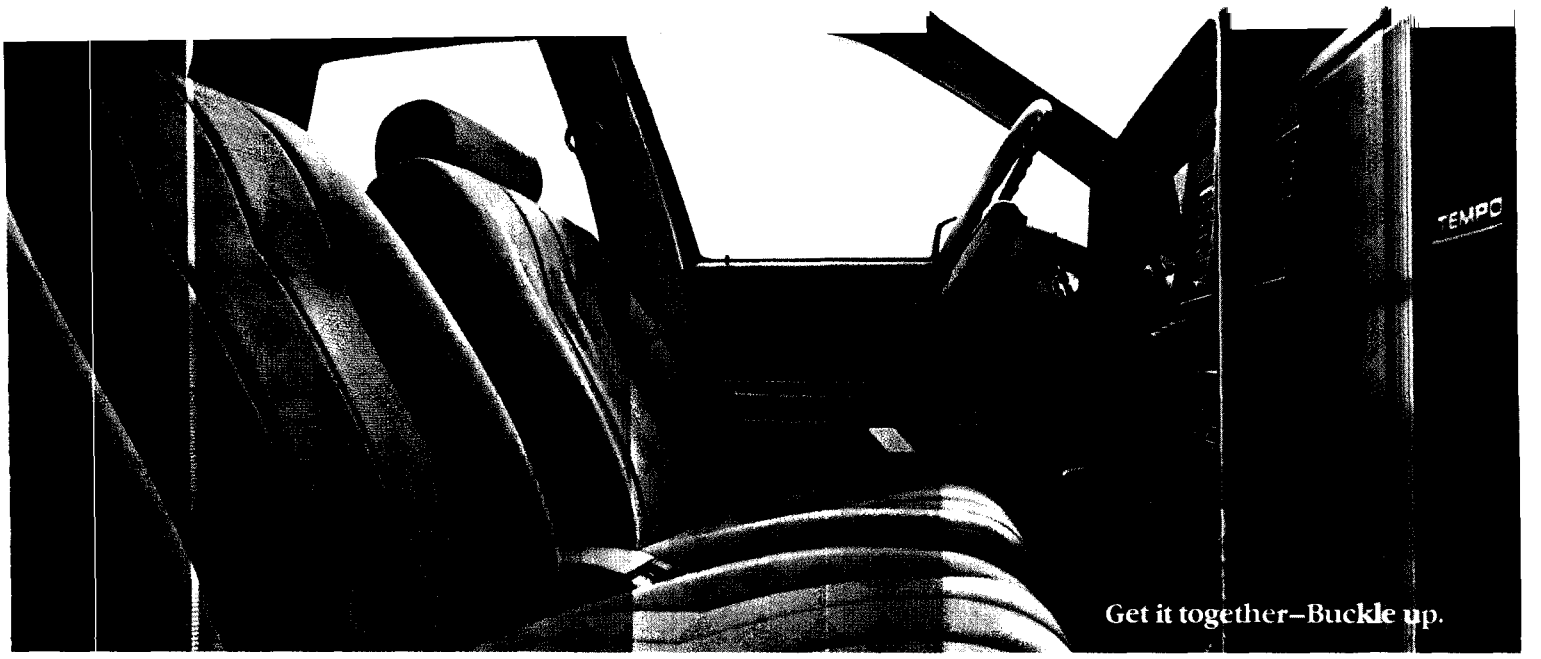

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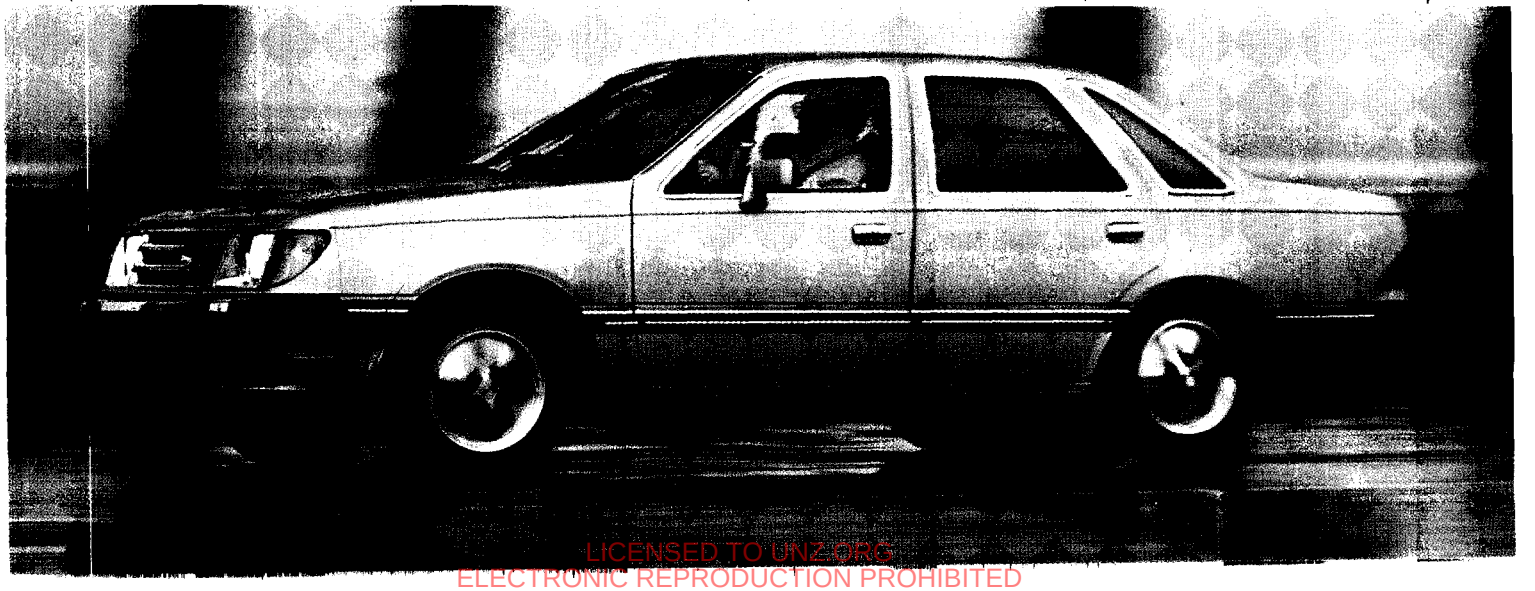

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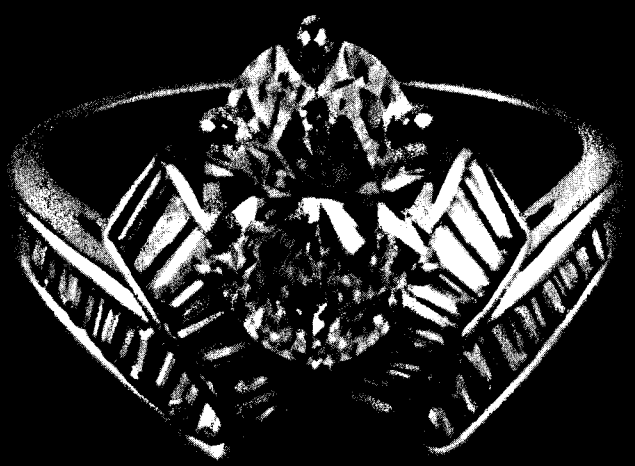

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